The Bystander, July 27, 1921. No. 921. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY MACMICHAEL

"DRY" HUMOUR

MR. BULL: "I presume, sir, you have felt the effect of the great drought in this country?"
MR. NEW YORK: "No, sir-ree! I can't say that I have been par-tic-u-lar-ly affected by it!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
SEYMOUR HICKS & CO., ARNAUT BROS., MARIE LORENZI, JOHN LUXTON, THE STELLIOS, DOLLIE & BILLIE, Etc

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.
Extra Mats., Saturday, July 30 and August Bank Holiday, at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Success
PINS & NEEDLES
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday & Saturday at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées Wed. and Friday, at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

ROYALTY. (Ger. 3855). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉE, EVERY THURS. at 2.30.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

Humber

"I WAS struck with the really handsome appearance of the 15.9 Humber. In every feature it was neat, unobtrusive and high-class; in every line it showed the work of an artist in design, and confirmed me in my initial impression that here was what could be described, without fear of contradiction, as a quality production. Every yard showed the power, controllability and efficiency of the car—an ideal car for a lady driver."

From an Expert's Report in the *Financier*

15.9 H.P. FIVE-SEATER **£950**

Full particulars on request.

HUMBER LTD., Coventry.
LONDON:
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
SERVICE DEPOT:
Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W. 6.
SOUTHAMPTON:
25 & 27, London Road.

TRIUMPH

HAPPY is the owner of a Triumph Cycle. With one of these famous machines as companion many outings are enjoyed. A Triumph provides a care-free, economical and inexpensive method of road travel.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London: 218, Great Portland Street, W.1., and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3.

A SHACKLETON EXPEDITION DE LUXE.
(For Ladies and Gentlemen)
Organised and accompanied by the well-known traveller,
Mr. EDWARD GRAY, *(Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society).*
VISITING Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the enchanting South Sea Islands, Honolulu, California, and America.
Sailing 28th OCTOBER in the P. and O. Royal Mail Steamer "Naldera" (16,000 tons) and returning in MAY.
Cost . . . £888.
Descriptive Itinerary from Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., C/o New Zealand Government Offices, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter).
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SPECIALLY REQUIRED.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand.
Secretary—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

A SELECT PARTY WILL BE TAKEN
ROUND THE WORLD
THIS WINTER BY
CAPT. R. S. P. POYNTZ, F.R.G.S.
spending a fortnight in Tasmania, a fortnight in Australia, (visiting Sydney and the glorious Blue Mountains) and ten weeks in beautiful NEW ZEALAND, the Wonderland of the World.
Starting November 12th, 1921, and returning about May 15th, 1922.
FIRST-CLASS THROUGHOUT. INCLUSIVE COST £750.
Full particulars from Captain Poyntz, 12, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

(Size of Illustration)

Aberdeen Terrier
BROOCH
9-ct. Gold, **£4 4 0** 18-ct. Gold, **£7 0 0**

Also
BULLDOG FRENCH BULL
AIREDALE SPANIEL
POINTER SETTER
FOX TERRIER

RABBIT FOX OTTER
STAG HARE

SPORTING
:: BIRDS ::
PARTRIDGE
PHEASANT
:: GROUSE ::
:: SNIPE ::
WILD DUCK
WOODCOCK

Selection sent on approval

A. & J. SMITH
Jewellers, Silversmiths, Watchmakers
191, UNION ST.
ABERDEEN.

VICHY (France)
First-class Thermal Establishment.
Season from May till October.

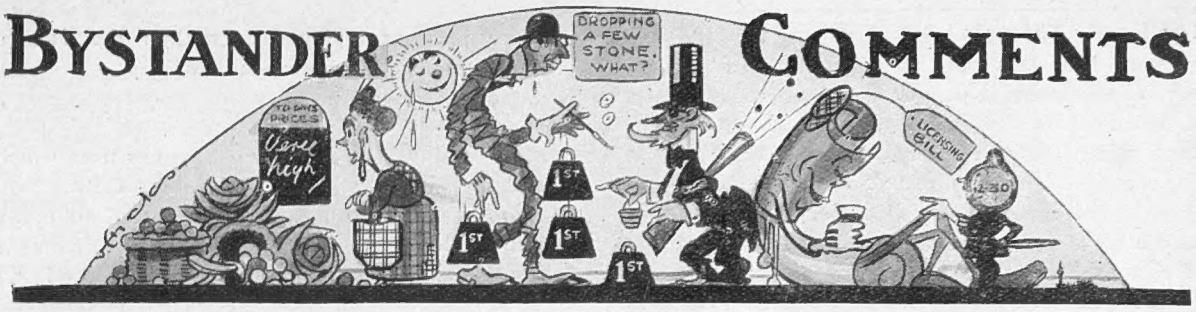
The Vichy Waters are prescribed for Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Diabetes, Congestion of the Liver, Stomach Troubles and affections of the Digestive Organs, Kidneys, Bladder, etc.

Vichy is situated at the foot of the Auvergne Mountains, surrounded by charming country, and the Establishment is considered to be the finest in the world.

Casino, Golf, Tennis, Horse Racing,
and the lovely district furnishes endless opportunity for enjoyable excursions.

Six Hours from Paris by direct train.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



By Victor Hicks

Rain won't fall, so prices must rise,
And from "Sun Shrink" we're suffering, they say—

It's an official report that water is short,
But we'll soon drink for nine hours a day!

Black Velvet in this Weather!

In the East they have a saying that only madmen, dogs, and the English go forth about their affairs in the great heat of the day. But in the East even the English respect the sun sufficiently to dress themselves more or less appropriately. At home they scorn to do so. It made me feel quite unhappy to read last week of the Lord Mayor "in black velvet and ruffles, a gold chain about his shoulders," standing on "a crimson platform," under the full blaze of a tropical sun, as he addressed the King, who was "clad in the full glory of a British Field Marshal," whilst the Prince of Wales, "his face almost invisible beneath a Guardsman's bearskin," stood near by. The Queen, Queen Alexandra, and a great assembly of the Royal family, with many distinguished people, some of great age, were present. There was no awning, few sunshades or umbrellas—tight uniforms, black coats, and silk hats were the only "protection" against the sun. We really ought to take care of our great people better than we do.

A Pension Protest

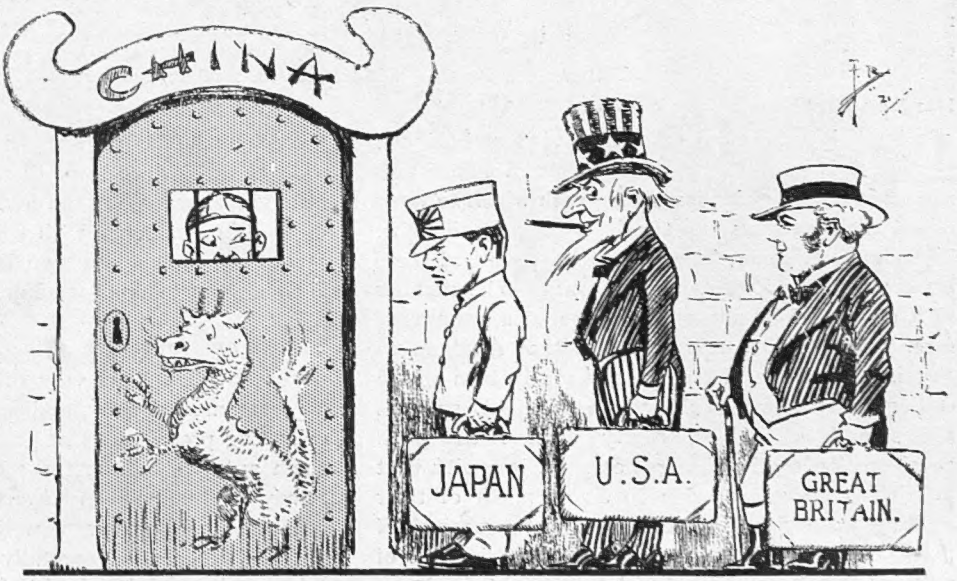
Economy is, of course, always praiseworthy, and never was it more necessary, and, in many matters, less practised, than it is to-day. But I can never read the Civil List pensions without thinking that here, at any rate, we push economy well beyond the boundary mark that separates it from meanness. To members of the Civil Service with nice fat salaries and pensions in the offing we give nice fat bonuses to meet the extra cost of living. Even Mary Jane, who is young and strong, but objects to domestic service, can draw unemployment pay which is often as much as she is worth when employed. But to the widow and daughter of a man who has devoted his life in the service of us all to such an unremunerative task as palæontological science we give £80 a year. In recognition of long services to the cause of botany, horticulture, and natural history we award a man £75—and so forth. It costs us more to keep a criminal in gaol.

The Ice-Age

One good thing that this hot summer ought to have effected was to have made English people realise that ice, if not a necessity, should not be regarded as an exotic sort of luxury. But I have my doubts. Barmen and barmaids in quite decent places still resent being asked for it, and, when they give it you, chip it off an absurd lump, slipping about in an unsuitable receptacle, with an implement totally unfitted for the job. They then pick up the fragments with their fingers and drop it into your ginger-beer.

Ice-Chests in Every House

There are places where they keep their mineral waters decently cool, but they are in the great minority. The poorest sort of a bar in a one-horse Canadian or U.S.A. town would be ashamed of the tepid, or even warm, drinks that prosperous hostelries in London consider quite good enough for their customers. One has no right to criticise private houses, but I wonder that English householders have not more fully realised that an ice-chest is not only pleasant, but also a great economy.



By Fred Buchanan

THE "EARLY DOOR" IN THE EAST—THE "QUEUE"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Empty Theatres

THE heat last week so affected the audiences, or the potential audiences, of a suburban theatre in which a friend of mine was acting, that one night there was only £5 in the house. A fraction of this was represented by two gentlemen who sat in solitary state in the orchestra stalls. Early in the performance a messenger came in, gratis, and informed one of them that his house was on fire. Naturally, he departed at once. Very shortly his utter loneliness was too much for the one remaining occupant of the stalls. He, too, departed, "And then there were none."

"Dora" Takes to Drink

AT the moment of writing there seems to be some little doubt as to what the new liquor regulations really mean, but one thing seems lamentably certain—as was the case with the late Mr. John Brown, D.O.R.A.'s body may be "mouldering in the grave," but her soul still "goes marching on." One paper says that the new bill "restores the pre-War quality of spirits." Of course, it does not. It *permits* spirits to be sold at pre-War strength. But one night last week, at a very large gathering of people, I heard Lord Dewar declare that although the "flesh would still be willing, the spirit would still be weak," and he ought to know. Indeed, it stands to reason that one can hardly expect people who have been compelled to sell water at a greater price than they used to sell whisky suddenly to revert to the old order of things.

By W. E. Wigfull

UNNECESSARY ECONOMY

MOTHER: "What have I told you about coming in without washing yourself?"

TOMMY: "I thought you'd be pleased, mother, 'cos I've saved the water!"

Hard on Clubs

IT is too late to rescue this year's visitors' business, but it is good to find that guests of hotels and restaurants may order something with which to wash down their suppers up to the hour of midnight. The clubs, however, are still to be penalised more heavily than the hotels and restaurants. The member of a club who cannot afford to go to a restaurant for his supper can only lubricate that meal up to 11 p.m. Members of clubs, particularly men whose callings keep them working late at night, such as actors and journalists, surely deserve as much consideration as the theatre-goer. It is a pity that politicians nowadays seem to do so much of their fighting and friend-making at club luncheons. If political suppers had become the vogue instead of political luncheons, our legislators might, perhaps, have found out what we really want. A "nightcap" is more pleasant and healthier than the 11 a.m. potation that we are now permitted.

A Bolshevistic Bill

IN fact, this Bill, like many other evils from which we are suffering, is really a bit of Bolshevism. During the War we naturally submitted to many things which we would not have stood for a moment before August, 1914. Some of them were good and necessary, some were not. At such a moment we were rightly content to leave things to the judgment of those to whom we entrusted the conduct of our affairs. But now, more than two years after the end of the War, the country is being run still in the spirit of war instead of the spirit of peace. War wastefulness, practically inevitable during war, is still almost complacently endured. It is the same with these unnecessary interferences with our comfort and liberty. I call it Bolshevism because our War rulers are only doing to us what Mr. Lenin has done to the Russians. Thank goodness, we are not so demoralised as were the Russians when the War was over, but we are certainly "upset" and, therefore, give in to a mild type of "Leninism."

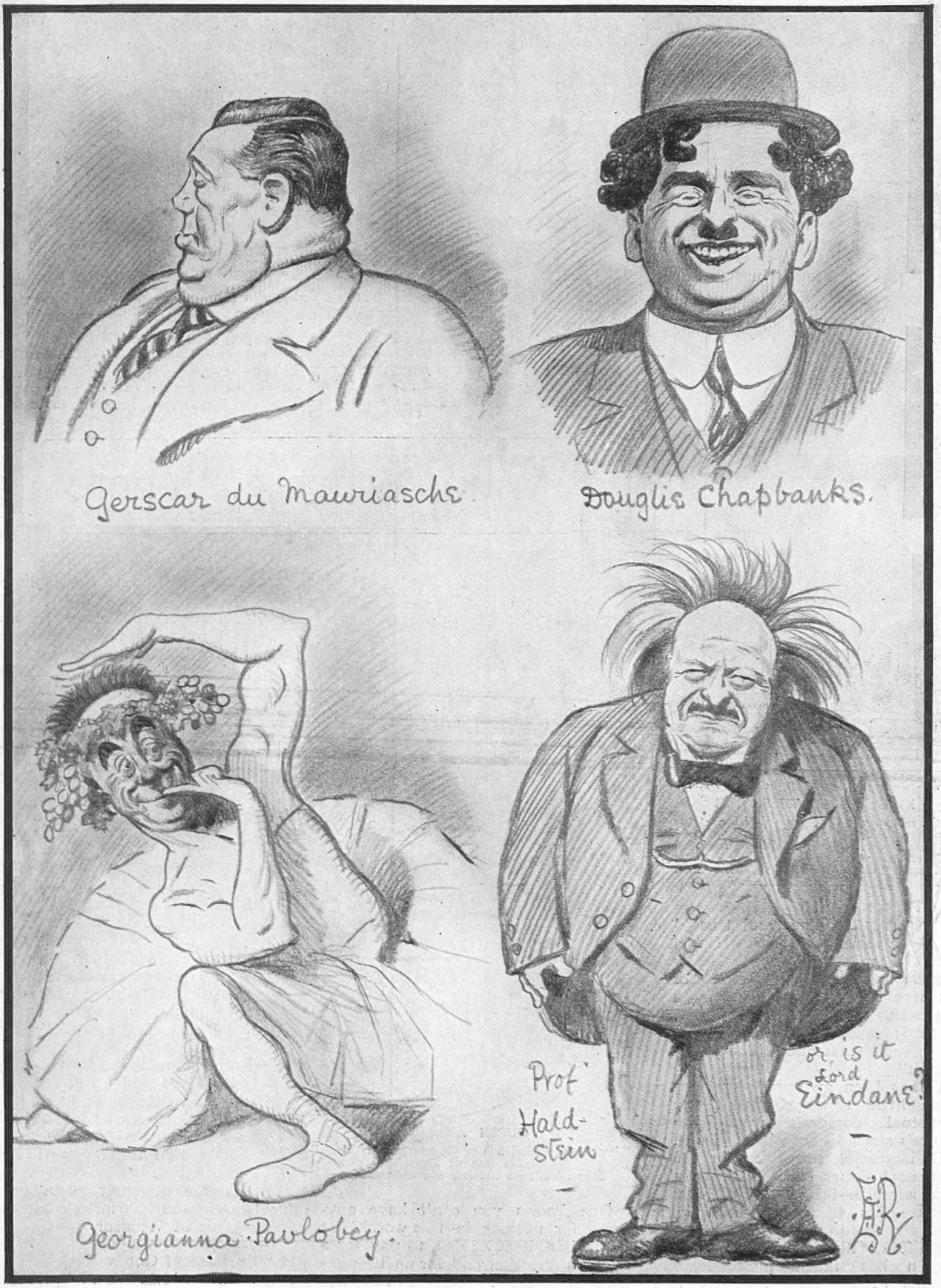
The Boom in Bernard

THE most curious thing about G.B.S. is his resilience. Many a man holding his views about the War would have felt squashed. Not so Mr. Shaw. Since the Armistice he has leapt into fresh fame, and now he occupies the Queen's with *Blanco Posnet*. It is clearly, however, too strong meat for some people. On the first night a parson who sat beside me left in the middle of it. He apparently did not approve of some of the strong language and stronger views. But the average man finds it very difficult to get angry with G.B.S. He is *sui generis*, and is accepted at his own Puckish estimate. That is because he is never venomous.

The Menu Hunter

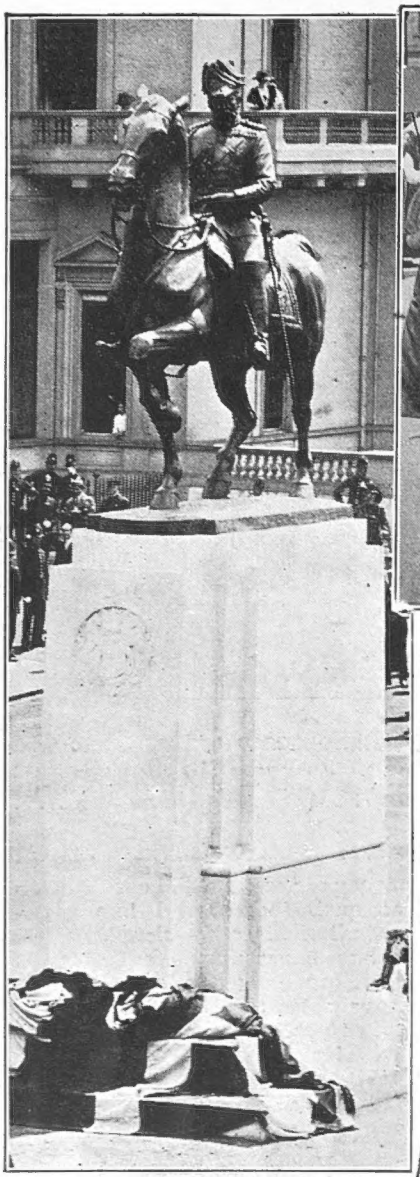
COLLECTORS have very different tastes. One of the most curious, and most pleasant, is that of collecting programmes at public dinners and getting them autographed. At the excellent dinner in the Savoy to Sir William Ewert Berry last week my immediate neighbour, a well-known business man, got his programme carefully autographed, and he told me he had hundreds of such menus carefully preserved. Such a collection must be very fascinating.

Blixes and Mends; or—



BY E. T. REED

—Physical Spoonerisms. No. 2.



Photograph *Central News*

KING EDWARD VII STATUE

To the memory of King Edward VII a statue was unveiled by King George last week in Waterloo Place. The memorial is an imposing piece of work designed by Mr. Bertram McKennal, M.V.O., A.R.A., who has been knighted for his services

Photograph] **ARRIVING AT THE MEMORIAL** *[L.N.A.*

King George walking to the statue of Edward VII prior to the unveiling last week. With him are Princess Maud, Queen Mary, Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of York

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Prince

WHEN so close and trusted a friend of the Royal Family as Lord Derby speaks publicly of the effect of his unceasing public labours upon the health of the Heir-Apparent, there is every reason to believe that such utterances are "inspired."

It has been an open secret for some little time past that the perpetual demands upon the Prince's strength have been viewed with increasing uneasiness in the innermost Court circles. Family remonstrance has been difficult because his work has been done from the sense of duty which guides the life of his whole family. The burden has fallen more heavily on the Prince, who, mentally and physically, has been the hardest worked man in the country ever since he came back from Australia.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Talking to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Randall Thomas Davidson, after the statue had been unveiled and dedicated by him

One knows you can't have anything for nothing in this world, but strain is a heavy price to pay for a nation's affection and for an Empire-wide popularity. The Prince has captured the people, as his father said, by his "charm and true sympathy of heart," but the people must remember that the Prince's strength has its limitations, and they must, therefore, be a little more merciful in their requests for his presence. He will need every ounce of his strength for the Indian visit, on which so much depends.

H.R.H. and the Prayer-Book

THE Bishop of Ripon's statement at the National Assembly of the Church of England that no more copies of the Prayer-Book would be sold until after the marriage of the Prince of Wales, because of the enormous cost caused by the addition "and Princess of Wales" in the prayers for the Royal Family, has naturally set tongues a-wagging and conjectures floating.

As in the case of Lord Derby so definite a statement must have had some foundation, since it cannot for one moment be supposed that the present stock of unbound Prayer-books would be held up indefinitely.

The little birds have been very much out so far, but if a certain little bird is to be believed, I think you will find the future Princess of Wales is the daughter of a great ducal house and was included in the Ascot party at Windsor.

The Promise of Goodwood

GOODWOOD has never promised so happily since the War. Houses round about will be filled, and the presence of the King at

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE JOICEY-LAMBTON WEDDING

Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey, second son of Lord Joicey, who was married to Miss Joan Lambton, youngest daughter of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Lambton, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

Photograph *Harris Picture Agency*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Capt. the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, M.C., 2nd Life Guards, Lord Allendale's heir, and Miss Violet Seely, daughter of Sir Charles Seely, Bart., who were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields recently

Goodwood House will give the function the *cachet* it holds amongst all the race-meetings.

It is rather fine, when you come to think of it, the continuation of the custom from fathers to sons of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon entertaining their Sovereign for this meeting which marks the close of the London season.

Unless my memory plays me a trick, George IV, as Prince Regent, and the Duke of Richmond of his time started this pleasant custom. The late King Edward as Prince of Wales scarcely missed a year, sometimes accompanied by Queen Alexandra, sometimes not. After his accession there was a break because his host objected to receive one of the people whose name appeared on the Royal list, which is always sent when the Sovereign or the heir to the throne pay visits to subjects. Happily the breach was speedily healed, but some of our great nobles can speak their mind very fearlessly on occasion.

Concerning Tips

I WISH our English hotels would adopt the system of adding 10 per cent. of the total amount of one's bill as tips for the servants. It is working very well, I hear, in the hotels on the Normandy coast.

We all know that fuss on the point of departure as to how much one should give to this servant and that; the rushing about for small change—and then the row of people who have done nothing except open doors waiting with eyes that are more graspingly eloquent then even an outstretched hand.

Waiters, chambermaids, hall-porters, lift-boys and porters are the people who get the tips in hotels, because they are the only ones of the *personnel* who come into the personal purview of the visitor. The kitchen-folk and other departments are unseen and get nothing.

Tipping, of course, is a pernicious system, but it is a recognised pest, and it certainly is a tremendous advantage to have the

Photograph *G.P.U.*

A SUNSHINE BRIDE

Captain C. E. Loseby, M.C., M.P., and Miss Dulcibella Herne leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the service. The weather, if no other good word can be found for it, has been especially kind for such ceremonies

Photograph] **A WEDDING GROUP** *[Bassano, Ltd.*

The bride, Miss Gladys Laking, a grand-daughter of the late Col. Cuthbert and Lady Adela Laking, and a grand-niece of the present Earl of Listowel, with the bridegroom, Mr. Rupert Anderson, only son of Major and Mrs. Rupert Anderson, of Waverley Abbey, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the bridesmaids and pages

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

AT THE PREMIER'S GARDEN-PARTY

Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood, who were among the very many distinguished guests at Mr. Lloyd George's garden-party held in the precincts of historic No. 10

amount expected from you put down on the bill. There are people —you and I have met them in foreign hotels—who think that a franc to the chambermaid and a franc to the waiter are sufficient *pour-boires* for a week's attendance. You know the type. "I never give more abroad. These people are paid to do their work." Yet these same people fork out ten shilling and even pound notes under the steely eye of an English host's butler who has only been decorative. The 10 per cent. on the bill ropes in the parsimonious, and, as I have said, it does save you a lot of calculation and pother when you are departing.

Tips and Parsimony

SPEAKING of tips and parsimony brings to my mind the fact that the late Duke of Westminster once made a determined effort to abolish the tipping of his servants by his guests. He raised the wages to a scale to cover tips. A box on the mantelpiece of every bedroom bore a legend announcing this fact, also that the Duke deprecated tips, but that if a guest wished to make the servants a present would he or she put the money in the box and the total would be divided between the whole staff.

The Duke had to abandon the plan. The boxes were discovered to be nearly always empty, and his guests went on tipping the individual servants who waited on them in their rooms.

The Garden-Party

THE King and Queen have done their best to give a fillip to the close of the season, and the *débutantes* who were deprived of the pleasures of a Court through the coal strike were given the compensation of a Garden-Party. It would have been hard on a large number of girls just coming out and on many brides if they had had to wait until next year. Besides that, next year's Courts would have been uncomfortably crowded.

A Garden-Party presentation is not the same thing to budding beauty as a Court, but, still, it is better than nothing at all, and, fashion being what it is, some of the dresses designed for the Courts that never came off were probably worn last week —with modifications.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR

Photographs of Mrs. Lloyd George, carrying little Arthur Trimmer, a patient at the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Home, were autographed, and are being sold from 61, Moorgate Street, on behalf of the hospital, for 10s. One of the photographs was presented to Mrs. Trimmer by the "Daily Graphic"

Photograph] **HISTORIC DINNER TO SIR WILLIAM EWERT BERRY, BART.** *[G. P. U.*

At the Savoy Hotel a complimentary dinner to Sir William Berry was held last week, the Right Hon. Lord Leverhulme being in the Chair. There were nearly five hundred prominent men in the newspaper and commercial world present. The speakers included Lord Burnham, Lord Dewar and Sir Herbert Morgan, K.B.E.

Goodwood the Glorious

BY "THE TOUT"

Rain is still badly needed, but we hope it will not spoil the delightful "garden party" meeting at Goodwood, which in fine weather is about the most delightful of the season's racing fixtures. Our artist presents some people who are well known at the meeting

Hard on Harding!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

There are some people who totally disagree with President Harding's policy of disarmament

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA, *July* 25.

DEAR COUSIN—

How different they seem, these days in England now, when you've escaped from all the (very delightful) distractions of Town and planted yourself at last for a while far from the madding (though fascinating) crowd of London and all its turmoil. Quite like a new existence, really, to have quitted it all and lead the simple life once more, right at the edge of the deep, blue, clean, clear sea.

卐 卐

THE simple life—and yet, when you come to think of it, there's so much more in it, really, in lots of ways. No streets—not worth mentioning, anyway—no theatres, no parties in crowded restaurants and places, no bustle, no masses of people. But instead, lots of joys, big and little, that somehow seem more real, however little they may be.

卐 卐

JUST to look out of my little arched and latticed cottage window, for instance, gives me more exquisite thrills, I do believe, than a whole year of the most hectic days and nights in London town. To begin with, there's a tall privet hedge close by flowering and blooming and fluttering and waving in the sea-breeze as no mere town hedge of privet in its wildest dreams ever dreamt of doing. And then a lovely little garden with roses and snapdragons and any amount of other flowers that a poor cockney can't put a name to, and a rock-garden behind, and above, with an upturned boat turned into a sort of summer-house for foreground, the lovely white cliffs of the south coast, with just a fringe of green on top, cutting right into a deep blue summer sky.

卐 卐

BUT it's the sea, after all, that we live by here and have our being—spite of tennis courts and golf links and the rest of the joys to be had inland With its soft caressing waves, little tiny breakers that lap the beach in a gentle, friendly way, it lulls us to sleep each night to a dreamless rest and wakes us up each morning to another day of rich delight. So simple the sea is, isn't it, and yet so big? Though all the really big things *are* simple, aren't they, when you come to think of it?

"Just to look out of my little latticed window"

IT's so big and blue and clean, it seems to wash away all the littleness of life in just an hour or two. And when you're been in it once or twice, you feel as if the little things didn't really matter any more. To live, to love, to work and sleep and eat and drink—that's all one's simple creed boils down to, when you're living simply and happily on the edge of the sea.

"The simple life"

卐 卐

AND, anyway, what rapture is there in the world to compare with that first morning bathe, when you just throw yourself into your bathing things and plunge bravely with eyes shut into the water, that's never *quite* so cold as you think it's going to be. Except, perhaps, the second, when, the sun's properly come into his own and the sea's crystal clear and you linger on the beach, not because of any shivers at the thought of going in, but just to dally with the

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

deep enjoyment of basking in the sun with (practically) nothing on, and wait till you're baked very nearly to a turn before you plunge,

"Hectic days and nights in London"

sizzling, into the cool and refreshing water, and swim to the raft and plunge in and climb up again, and again, and again, and again. . . .

卐 卐

THEN, and oh! then there's also, likewise, and not to be forgotten, the supreme, and, pr'aps, most exquisite experience of all—the evening bathe. Not the before-dinner one, I mean, though that's quite lovely enough to be going on with, and gives one a positively voracious appetite, even for boiled mutton and caper sauce, and makes even cod and milk puddings almost palatable (we *do* lead the simple life!).

卐 卐

WHAT I really mean is the proper late one, about ten o'clock, when the moon's up and the wind's dropped and the sea's all dead calm and oily and as smooth as glass. Then out with the boat, collapsible (only we hope it won't) and propelled by paddles, and forth for a voyage along the coast in all the glamour of deep shadows and a velvety air which would make even the most confirmed psycho-analyst believe in one or two of the more elemental virtues (as well as vices) of human nature.

SPLISH, splash . . . flick, flick . . . we paddle along in the half-darkness, past bays and points and little knots of hotel people on the shore clad in immaculate evening dress (see Ethel M. Dell), ourselves being attired merely for immediate contact with the sea. A leak? Help! Let's beach quickly and do a bathe on our own before we're forced to. So to the shore, and then a plunge into the loveliest, still warm water that ever was and a swim to . . . well, France at the very least, if it weren't that bedtime's got so very near, and there's another perfect day just ahead to be savoured and enjoyed absolutely from start to finish.

卐 卐

SIMPLY *must* drag myself back, though, mustn't I? to what's going on in England now in what, I suppose, they call the really important branches of life, such as politics and all that sort of thing. Chief excitements of the moment being, I suppose, the U.S. invitation to America, with accompanying rude remarks in the *Times* about L.G. and Lord Curzon's "pompous and pretentious manner"—also this week's Goodwood, of course, with a Royal Cowes to follow, and the rapturous reception of Mr. de Valera in the hope (let's hope) of an Irish settlement at last.

卐 卐

I DO hope I'm not prejudiced in any sort of way, but I must say does make one feel just a little bit tired to have these utterly and entirely disloyal Irishmen fêted and cheered and mobbed in the streets, just because of—what? Well, there I confess you have me beaten. If Mr. de Valera were a picturesque personality even. . . . But this really quite plain gentleman with the long nose and untidy hair and rather whining voice. . . . Well, well.

"This week's Goodwood"

卐 卐

AND meantime—meantime, while the Irish, just a few of whom fought for us (and became distinctly unpopular with their countrymen thereby) are being so lavishly applauded in London, "there are still," to quote an S.O.S. from one of the chief authorities on the subject, "some 13,000 ex-officers and those who have had similar education unemployed." And more and more every day are being added to the list, because of the discharges from the Armies and people finishing the special education courses they've been going through.

卐 卐

DON'T you think the men who fought for us and won the War for us ought to have, anyway, *some* claim to attention, what? Should give them first look in myself, if *I* had anything to say in the matter.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BY NORMAN KEENE

"SCREENING A LOVE-EPISODE"

What the Old Salt Saw

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

A SEE SEEN

TALES of the PEACETIME R.A.F.

No. 6 "The Perfect Lady"

By JAMES HENRY
ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

PRACTICAL joking in the Service does not pay. It always leads, sooner or later, to trouble—frequently for the practical joker himself.

It was Smith, wild as a hawk and much beloved of his men, who conceived the idea of attending the garrison fancy dress dance as an Eastern houri of extreme beauty and figure. Heaven having given him good eyes and an almost girlish face, a nearly transparent *yashmak*, a wig, and a little rouge and powder provided feminine *diablerie*, while a couple of pairs of football stockings materially assisted the figure. So complete was the disguise that Grant-Grubb, who had once been an Acting Flight Lieut. and never forgot it, suspected not the horrid deceit, and, having led the fairy into what A.C. II. Gubbins describes as "an 'ugging 'utch," waxed positively amorous, said a number of indiscreetly affectionate things, and told some amazing tales of his adventures in the air. She was an admirable listener—so admirable that Grant-Grubb, overcome by the throes of love at first sight, sank suddenly to his knees and proposed.

The lady produced a handkerchief, seemed to choke back a sob, and with a strangled "You mustn't, Horace," fled.

In the early hours, Grant-Grubb, who had searched in vain for the charmer, joined a group, of which Smith, now attired in mess dress and his right mind, was a member, and, exhilarated by iced champagne, confided a portion of his excitement and his troubles. Had anyone seen this most glorious woman? he demanded. She was the only love of his life, his ideal. He would never rest until he found her again.

To his amazement his hearers began to chuckle, and then to laugh. A voice said, "You mustn't, Horace," and Grant-Grubb awoke hurriedly to brutal realisation of the atrocity perpetrated on him. As he was not over-popular in the squadron, the story, duly embroidered by ingenious liars, achieved wide circulation. In the days that followed it became quite a charmingly dangerous amusement to murmur, "You mustn't, Horace," in his vicinity.

"An Eastern houri of extreme beauty"

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

Grant-Grubb became very miserable. At last, after listening unnoticed to a realistic, but entirely untruthful and quite improper rehearsal of the scene by Smith and Cartright—who played Grant-Grubb's part with enormous fervour and a disgraceful caricature of Grant-Grubb's lisp—he turned on his oppressors.

"Look here, my lad," he said to Smith, "the laugh won't always be yours. I'll bet I get level with you inside three months."

"I'll lay a sovereign you don't," retorted his tormentor, "and another that I pull your leg again good and hearty during the same period."

"Oh, I *know*. But you realise what a fool Smith is. I've told him it means court-martial, but he says everyone will be away at the cricket match, and in any case he's promised, and that's that."

"All right, I'll take over," said Grant-Grubb, shortly, and walked away. Triumph shone from him. That *ass* Smith. Heaven help him. Of course, he would not actually run him in—if it could be avoided—but, by Jove! he would put the wind up him. He'd frighten him stiff. He'd . . . vengeance would be sweet.

And in due course Smith's bus taxied across the Saturday-sleepy aerodrome and took the air. Smith had been refitting controls, and there was, therefore, no need of excuse for a test. After twenty minutes of mild stunting Smith made one of his perfect egg-shell landings, and taxied slowly past the pylon whereon the Officer-of-the-Watch kept ward. And in the back seat of the machine, fearless and smiling, sat a truly beautiful girl.

"Smith drew himself up, and kissed the lady"

"Done to both," said Grant-Grubb, viciously. Smith smiled and booked the bets.

Weeks passed, and many were the traps set by Grant-Grubb. But as neither ingenuity nor humour were among his strongest characteristics they failed unutterably.

One historic day his chance came. Fraser, who would normally have been Officer-of-the-Watch, asked him to take over his duty, as he himself was playing in the squadron cricket team, and while Grant-Grubb still wavered, said, "Oh, and by the way, that idiot, Smith, asked me to keep a blind-eye on the aerodrome this afternoon as he is giving a young woman a joy-flip."

"What?" Grant-Grubb became staccato.

Grant-Grubb hastily left his pylon and made for the hangars. The machine stood at rest, and Smith was lazily removing himself therefrom and chatting brightly to the girl. At a reasonable distance Grant-Grubb hailed him. "Just a moment, Smith." Smith said a word of apology to the girl, jumped to the ground, and strolled over.

"What the devil does this mean?" demanded the enraged Officer-of-the-Watch, "are you mad?"

Smith gazed at him in astonishment

"What are you talking about, my de—ear man?" he drawled.

Grant-Grubb exploded.

"Talking about? Talking about?" he spluttered, "what on earth are you doing with a woman in your machine?"

Smith's look of bewilderment was admirable.

"Woman? I—oh!" Suddenly he smiled happily.

"Oh! Her!"

Conducting his scandalised *confrère* by the arm he led him to the machine.

"Mary, darling," he called. The young lady gazed fixedly to the front, and seemed lost in thought.

"Mary." His voice was almost passionate in its pleading, but still she took no notice.

Smith put foot in foot-hole, and, drawing himself up, kissed the lady. The half-dozen N.C.O.'s and men tittered until Grant-Grubb snarled, "Silence there."

Then very gently Smith bent over, undid a few straps, and, as dead silence was suddenly rent by a perfect hurricane of laughter, lifted out a lady whose magnificent shoulders tailed away to the insignificance of the varnished base of hair-dresser-down.

"My win, I think," said Smith.

Anti-climax is always a nuisance, but without it the moral of this little tale will get left behind, and that would never do.

A totally unexpected spectator who had stood in the background moved forward. Silence fell as men noticed him and sprang to attention.

The quiet, level voice of the man who led them in war broke it.

"Government aeroplanes, Mr. Smith, are not designed for the purpose of elaborating practical jokes. Oblige me by taking over the duties of Officer-of-the-Watch from Mr. Grant-Grubb and continuing to carry them out for the next seven days."

The C.O. turned away.

"You had—er—better see the lady home safely first," he added over his shoulder.

No, practical joking does not pay.

"The Secret of the Sahara: Kufara"

THE FAQRUN FAMILY

When the party reached Buseima they met the important Faqrun family, whom Mrs. Forbes' retinue held in distrust. They proved, however, to be quite friendly and welcomed her *en masse*

AT JEDABIA

The author on horseback. She had great difficulty here in getting a caravan together

MRS. ROSITA FORBES

Whose adventures among the Libyan Arabs make a most amazing tale of pluck and endurance which has just been published in book form by Cassells. The above photographs show the author on camel-back and in the dress of a Bedouin sheikh. The call of the Desert to the explorer is ever insistent, for it is the lure of the unknown, "the untrodden, untarnished earth herself." Perhaps this is why Mrs. Forbes will soon start upon a new expedition

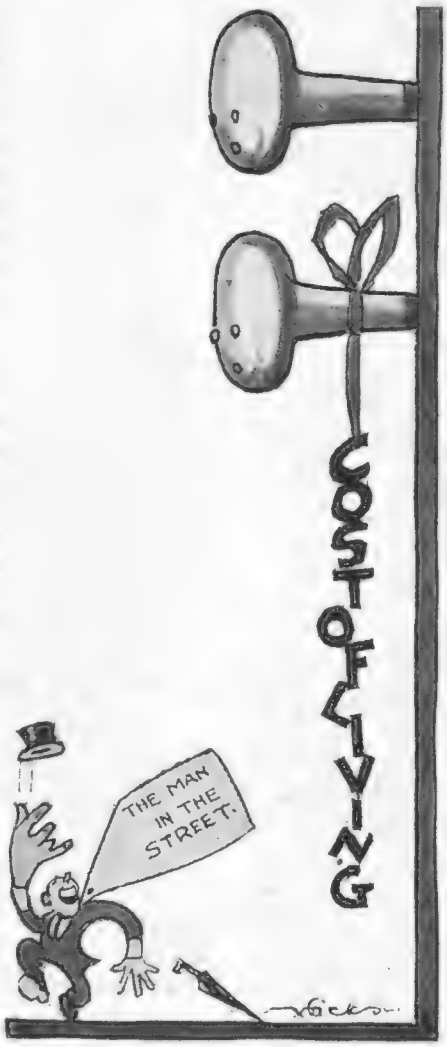
IN HOLIDAY MOOD

BY "THE OLD GUARD"

We, brooding alone in our Fleet Street eyrie, would fain be among them that are making high holiday in the fairer corners of the land. There is that in our blood to-day that bids us toss our cap in the air and snap our fingers for the nonce at the tyranny of toil. Books and booklets, chanting the praises of distant scenes of restful beauty, or riotous companionship, fall upon us daily as the gentle rain from Heaven upon the earth beneath. The clarion call of moor and glen and running stream comes to us like soft music stealing along the murky byways of Grub Street. Often before it has so come to us, but we have perforce ignored it with the dull indifference of the habitually indigent. To-day it has come anew, and we have a proper longing to answer it. We do not lift our eyes to resorts where the glass of fashion and the mould of form hold undisputed sway; rather for ourself is the secluded nook where the native glories of earth and sea and sky will remain politely oblivious of the fact that our summer suit hath been sadly chafed by the rough usage of time.

Yet journey where we will, thither must we be conveyed, and there must our poor carcase be maintained. Therein lies the problem that confronts us most acutely. The great London termini stand like frowning toll-gates between us and the far-off, open country of our dream, and we may not pass beyond till we have set down our poor obolus. Wherefore, we, with the gleam of hope in our wary eye, have of late mingled with the prouder pursemongers of the Street, having in view a trifling loan on the nebulus security of our promise to repay. But alas! the trustful mien and confiding spirit of the brave days of old have completely vanished from our ken. We have called upon soulless, purse proud editors, affecting the while an air of jovial sociability, and have hinted at a trifling loan to enable us to travel carefree and afar, and have met little but sour looks, and ungenerous aspersions on our financial integrity.

Indeed, one saucy fellow whom, with propitiatory intent, we slapped jocularly on the back, snarlingly threatened to charge us with common assault. To such a pass has this, our time-honoured English greeting, come! Time was, in this brave land of ours, when a rollicking gesture such as that in which we permitted ourself to indulge, would have evoked a merry laugh and an open purse; but now the virus of commercialism has so bitten into the hearts of the editorial fraternity that if, in holding an unwilling man to you by the coat-button, you haply pull the button away, he will, as like as not, send you a bill for a new suit of clothes.



By Victor Hicks

DOWN A PEG—AT LAST

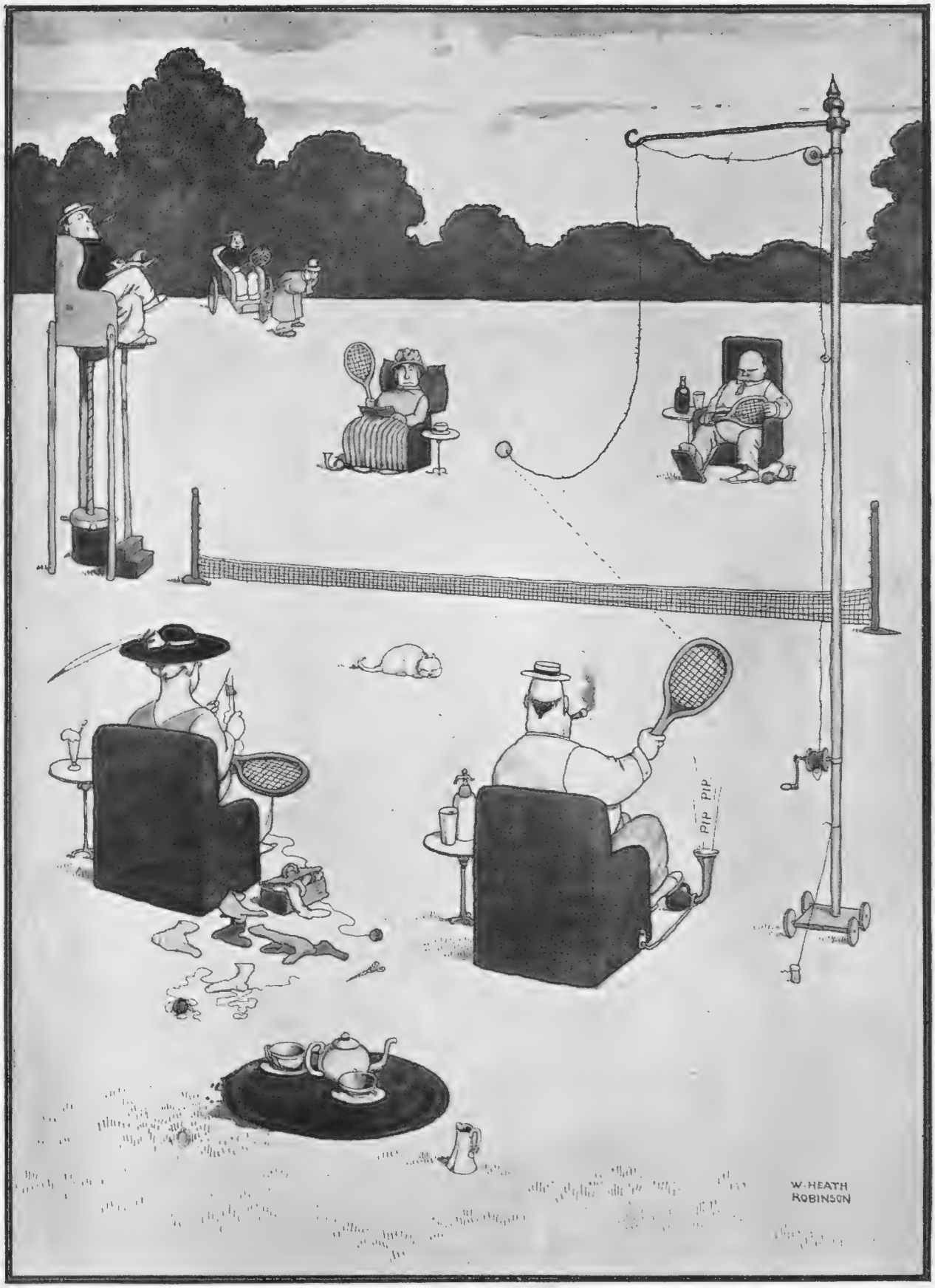
[So we're told, but——]

Nor are they that control the destinies of the railway companies any less sordid. They flaunt everywhere on the walls of their great termini golden pictures of sun-kissed shores or pleasant reaches of hill and heather, and bid all and sundry hasten thither while the year is yet young. The simple-minded might be deluded into the belief that these dismal chafferers had found their souls at last, and were sacrificing themselves for the common good. But he that would take them at their printed word will learn soon enough that business is done only on a spot cash basis. Once in a moment of promising inspiration, we ourself made the helpful suggestion to a railway company that, as one of the great, we should be carried free of charge to the destination of our choice, in order to encourage the mob to follow suit. But the ticket-mongers were dismally obdurate, and the hint was coldly but unmistakably imparted that there is no discount for the distinguished.

Clear it is to us, therefore, that Fate has ordained that if we must indulge in dreams they must be visions of something cheap. We must turn our eyes away from far-off mountain, and vale and moor and fell, and sit, Prometheus-like, chained to Town while the dog-days worry our liver. We may wander no farther afield than the green pastures of Hampstead Heath, or beside the still waters of Battersea Park. There, musing awhile alone, we may dream of a day when our fellows will be larger of heart and more generous of soul, and less adhesive to their miserable ten-pun-notes.

The times have been when we have picked up a fiver on the nod in the course of a sunny afternoon, but, in these unholy times, if you even hint at a half-crown till Saturday, a signal of distress will go up to the police constable at the corner of the street. As the bard so truly hath it, old times are changed, old manners gone!

Sedentary Sports



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

LAWN TENNIS FOR THE MIDDLE AGED

Boycottieren die Englaender!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

ENGLAND is to be "boy-cottiert!" This prime, neologistic word, disthressful Oireland's only contribution to international vocabulary, has long been Prussianised as above. Etymologists explaining it to be a corruption of "Boy-Caught!" because "on the Irish forbidding tradesmen to supply landlords they established pickets, who after every success radioed 'Messenger-Boy Caught!'" And now the inspiriting battle-cry, "Boycottieren die Englaender!" rings from every Prussic throat, and flows with Amazonian copiousness from every Prussic fountain-pen. The Hanse-League has advised it; the Union of German Industries has impressed it; and the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce, with help of bright, alleged pro-Prussic Brazilians, announces that Hamburg will oust England in the coffee trade, and that England's coarse rôle as intermediary in *der Welthandel* has been played the last time.

IN fact, it's no joke. When Dr. Simple Simons was offering, withdrawing his offers, resigning, and withdrawing his resignation, his fellow-Ministers and other high authorities were taking headlong measures to make Prussland independent of the brutal *Brite*. Which means to drive British trade out of "neutral" lands. The first great step was taken by the Ministry of Industry and the schemeful Iron Industry Union. The Union is a compulsory syndicate of all iron and steel-makers; it regulates supply, rations foreign trade, and fixes maximum prices. Now at present the dull world has too much iron, and prices fall like sinkers. And Prussic exports are hampered by export licences, export prices, and universal control. So the two authorities mentioned have abolished maximum prices of nearly all iron and steel products, and have completely freed export. This means a first step in boy-caughting. In future Herr Napoleon Stinnes, Herr Thyssen, Herr Haniel, Herr Stumm, and the other ferrous kinglets of Westphalia will dump goods into England's "neutral" markets as cheaply as they like. Already thrifty Dutchmen are cancelling orders to Sheffield and laying them in Prussland at the new low prices.

THAT was the beginning. Immediately afterwards, out flew three decrees abolishing or reducing the export duties. This is "boy-caughting," because it will further hit England. The export duties were an ancient problem long before Paris launched its dry 12½ per cent. command. They were, in fact, imposed a full year ago; and their aim was to raise the then by no means high prices of Prussic goods to foreigners. Now they have been withdrawn, or cut to a mere 1 per cent. on rails, plates, pig-iron, steel ingots, wire, machines, electric goods, and textiles (in the last it is most important of all to boy-catch England).

MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH

Who has been working very energetically at the Palladium in a fierce little sketch "Don Carlos." Such is the nature of the piece that this great actor is only able to appear at the evening performances. Energy enough

THAT is the tragic side of *Die Boycottierung*, explained by etymologists as Boy-Catching. There are comic sides. To grasp them one must premise that the Pruss in general has by no means been in anti-English mood. The great question which convulsed in 1914-17, "Is England or Russia our Chief Enemy?" had been answered overwhelmingly, "France is our Chief Enemy!" Berlin has even considered Britons to be "*vornehm*" — distinguished or noble; the B.-in-B.'s only reproach so far came from his cook when he asked her not only to boil but also to eat a Britannic plum-pudding. But that is changed. The Briton has grown unpopular. Cartoonists depict him as a spiritless weakling who tamely does France's vehement bidding. *Der Brite's* prestige is sinking. Yes; the best shop in Potsdamerstrasse, which formerly sold hats *nach englischen Muster*— is now displaying Hats Made in Germany, that would make a Briton squirm.

THE Prussic plan is to swamp Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain with those goods which the boy-caughted Briton will not buy. The only problem unsolved is that already these industrially depressed countrylets are complaining of the Deutsche Dump. Spain has put up her duties, and Switzerland grimly rations German paper imports. But Prussic Propaganda will cure this. "If we do not sell to England," runs the propaganda, "we shall not buy from her; and we shall buy all the more from our neutral friends." So neutral journals teem with Prussic offers to buy. Instead of English yarn and French minette will be purchased Stockholm's red-lacquer Christmas candlesticks, striped peasant skirts from Dalecarlia, clean Dutch bonnets from the Zuyder Zee, and Swiss model chalets with wadding snow dripping from the eaves. The neutrals will gain enormously; the Alliance of Sensitive 'Earts and Applied Arts will be complete.

Abraham Lincoln

BY J. WHALE

MR. WILLIAM J. REA

An impression of this actor whose interpretation of the great statesman has been acclaimed by the multitude with no uncertain voice, and yet . . . there was another, still and small; it spoke of the "gullible public—a stage monstrosity, a transfigured, inspired scarecrow"

So Cool and

—These long evenings, to get away from the rush and turmoil of the

Soothing—

BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS

e City to a quiet little game in the solitude of one's own garden

SINCE POLO THREATENS TO BECOME THE SPORT OF THE MASSES—

WE MAY EXPECT SOMETHING LIKE THIS—

The Duchess of Dilwater & Lord Loufa enjoy their half-day trip to Margate.

The Hon. Helena Kullinder & a friend at the Aunt Sally Finals at Epping.

Mrs. Mole D. Marge's supper-party at King's Cross

Major Watteau-Bois, who is a keen sportsman.

H Hutcher

BY M. BUTCHER

BOLSHEVISING BELGRAVIA

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE GAY HUSBANDS AND THE PAUL PRY CAMERA-MEN

"There is the great fear in the ranks of the camera-men"

MES AMIS—

THERE is the great sadness in the camps of the gay husbands. And the great gladness in the retreats of the neglected wives. There is the great fear in the ranks of the camera-men. And the great worry among the little guardians of the law. For the gay husbands will not accept to take the present position without the fight. And the camera-man is not able always to keep the *agent* tied to his machine. The conflict has been in the operation for the many weeks. But it is only in the recent days that the non-combatants have been able to understand the why and the wherefore.

WHEN one has seen at all the racecourses that the men who take the pictures for the kinema have been accompanied everywhere by the policemen there has been much of the speculation. It has been long known that the camera operators have been much importuned by the ladies who have wished their new *créations* to be reproduced in the illustrated papers or on the screen. That the bribes have been offered by the gentlemen who have escorted the before-mentioned ladies. And that when the bribes have been not efficacious, the threats have been hurled at the embarrassed photographers.

BUT not anyone had seen the actual assault of a *photographe* by the angry companion of an "insulted" lady. And yet it must have been—for how otherwise to explain this unrelaxing guardianship of the picture-taker by the *agent*. It has been useless to ask the questions of the principals. At the interrogation the *photographes* have shown the alarm. The ladies and the "gay" husbands have raised the eyebrows and flickered them angrily. The police have observed the complete reticence. Exact amount of information obtainable, RIEN.

THEN it has been noticed that there is a fact which has put all wrong the previous theories. It has been seen that the *photographes* have in the reality been taking the pictures of the people that one had thought they had ignored. And it has been when the operator has begun to turn so furiously the handle that the scowl on the face of the "gay" husband has become so fierce. Awkward complication which has caused much cogitation for another explanation of the feud. Then a deep thinker has recalled from the backmost recesses of his memory that the gay husband must somewhere have a wife, and that, perhaps, she has something to do with it. A recollection of that sort is not, perhaps, so easy as one might think. Far from the eyes, far from the thoughts — says the French proverb.

"Importuned by the ladies who wish their new *créations* to be reproduced"

NÉANMOINS, once the remembrance has been cul... from the dim recesses, there is the *grand pas* made on the path of discovery. And armed with this clue a sleuth has succeeded to obtain from an implicated one the

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The most exceptional *toilettes*"

confessions of a weak moment. In the words of this once gay husband the kinema has become an interference with the liberty of the subject. One had thought to soothe the susceptibilities of a wife whom one has not taken to the races if one has taken her to the theatre and to the pictures. And all has been well until the kinema-proprietors have developed the craze for the *actualités*. Which, of course, include the races. And the wife has been quite pleased to recognise the pictures of the husband — until she has noticed that there has been a lady with a striking toilette clinging to his arm.

THEN the demand for explanations. For the first time it has not been of the most terribly difficult. The "gay husband" is not without the ready excuse. But at the second occasion it has been impossible. There has been the different *création*, but it has been the too-well-remembered face.

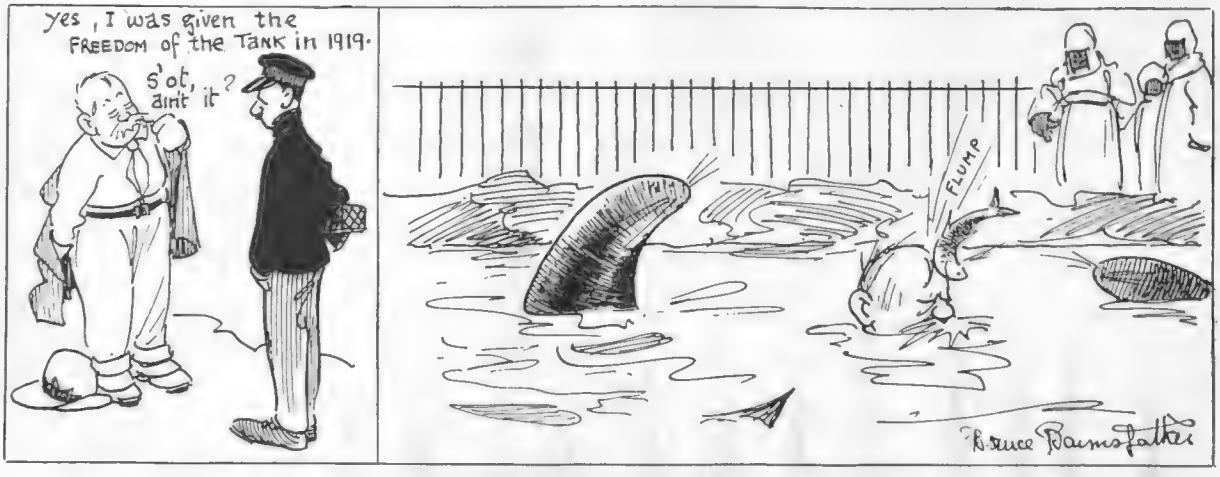
AND so the threats of the formerly gay husbands to murder the kinema man who shall include him in the photograph with the other woman. But, complains the affrighted *photographe*, "How shall it be possible for me to know?" And even if it should be possible to know that would not be the end of the difficulty.

HE is under the orders to get the most striking pictures. And it is the ladies who accompany the gay husbands who have the habit to wear the most exceptional *toilettes*. So the operator has just had to persist in the face of the threats of murder. But being not at all anxious to be a complete victim to the *devoir* he has called in the aid of the police. And it is the little men with the fierce moustaches who have to keep the irate ones at the bay.

BUT more is bound to come of this. The neglected wives are content at the moment because the husbands contrive to be unrecognisable. But they are the only ones who are content. *Nous verrons.*

ROLAND

"The Police have observed the complete reticence"



WHO SAID WALRUS?

Bill's hot-weather dip at the Zoo was entirely spoilt by a distinguished visitor's unfortunate mistake

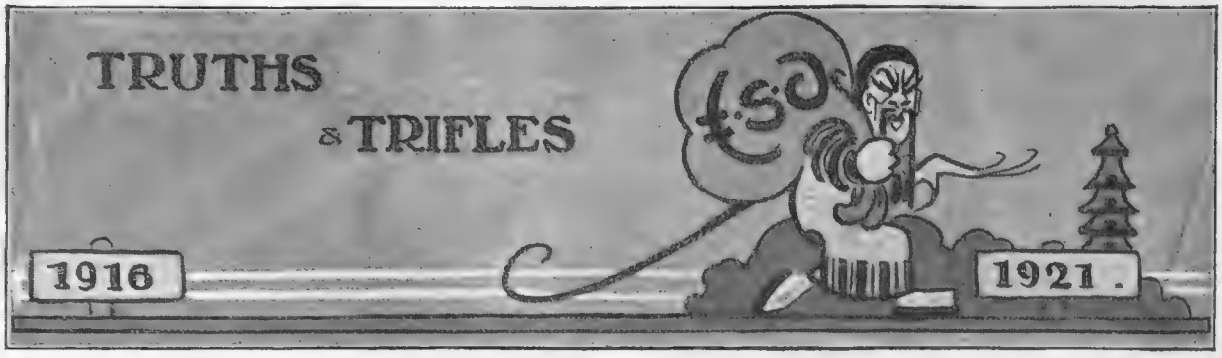
(From the popular series of cartoons by Bruce Bairnsfather now running in the "Daily Graphic")

A Palace Pair

Photograph *Navana*

KATRINA AND JOAN

Two whimsical little dancers, who have been proving a great attraction at the Palace Theatre lately, in between a film version of "Romance"



"A LONG RUN" FOR THE MONEY: EXIT "CHU CHIN CHOW" By Victor Hicks

Beauty Parlours for Men

Now that we've conceded women everything they asked, the right to vote, sit on juries (that is, be of them), or in Parliament, chew tobacco and use swear words, isn't it nearly time for us, the whiskered sex, to claim some of the privileges that they have been monopolising for so long?

Look at beauty parlours, for example.

That's a typical instance of woman's greed and selfishness.

All are satisfied, at least all women are, that where it comes to good looks woman gets the verdict against us every time.

We possess heaps of other good qualities, ability to make money, docility, imbecility where women are concerned, brute strength for such things as carrying luggage, parcels, and ejecting burglars, and once again, ability to make money.

But, in spite of the late Mr. Adonis, and the present M. Carpentier, and Mr. Owen Nares, nobody would ever think of praising us for facial comeliness. On the contrary.

Why then should women monopolise the beauty parlour? Who needs it most?

There is no prize for the correct answer. It is—men.

Take the case of my friend, Jenkins.

He tells me that his dear wife has spent the greater part of a legacy she drew from a deceased, one-lunged uncle in a Bond Street beauty parlour. (No need to tell you that neither the uncle nor the lung was in the beauty parlour.)

The specifications for the contract included a permanent wave in the hair, sewing a "Cupid's-bow" mouth, filling up half-a-dozen tiny wrinkles in her cheek, and excavating, tearing up by the roots, and taking away a few moles of tiny dimensions, situated in an exposed quarter of the frame.

Now imagine that woman spending a perfectly splendid hundred pounds on a few trivial alterations like that whilst Jenkins' front elevation stared at her like the devastated provinces of France.

It never occurred to her selfish soul that the husband of her bosom hadn't undergone any repairs or decorations for years. Can't you imagine her saying, "Yes, I know I should like to get rid of those little wrinkles and have a dimple installed permanently in my chin. But, no. Egbert's need is yet greater than mine. Nothing less than planing will be of the slightest use to a face like his. Planes to the plain."

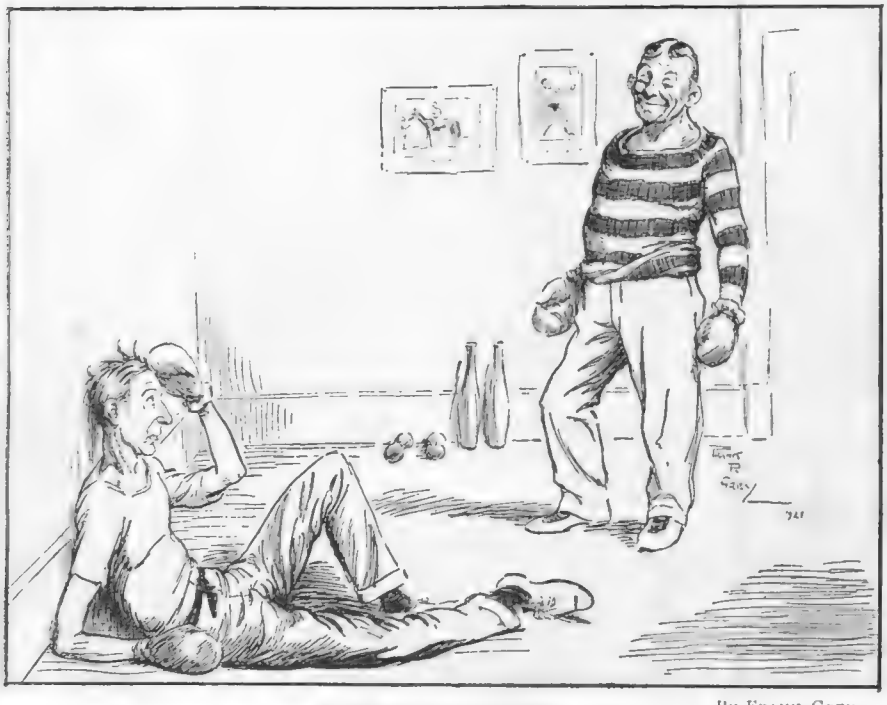
If you can imagine her saying that, then imagination is your strong suit. She wouldn't think of it. It is not done.

As a matter of history she never even said, "Here's a ten-pound note, Egbert. Go and get those 'Cupid's-bow' legs of yours straightened."

That is woman at her womanliest.

The fact is a handsome man doesn't fit in with her scheme of things. She wants a foil, a contrast to her own pulchritude.

That picture you see in the illustrated weeklies of the charming Lady Somebody—and friend, taking the air on a Riviera promenade,



PUNCHES BY POST By Frank Grey

Pupil: "I suppose you don't run a C-C-C Correspondence Course, do you?"

THRICE CURSED BOY!

By Fougasse

"Please Mister, is that a picture of our farm?"
"It is, my boy"
"Please Mister, why?"

---

or splitting a truss of watercress at tea on the terrace of the House of Commons.

Note the friend. He's male and his face always looks as if it had been caught in a lift. So much the more then, as Euclid, the man Einstein won the belt from, would say, is her own loveliness enhanced.

Which is playing it low down

Let us, then, be up and doing something to restore the balance of the sexes. Let us have beauty doctors of our own, experts who can straighten a nose, unpick a mouth that is out of drawing, run the heavy roller across a corrugated face, and put a Marcel wave in a dome that vergeth on baldness.

For here's the point. There's a strong movement afoot to beautify London and the other great cities. That means that 99 per cent. of the male statues now in captivity will have to be unseated or unpedestalled.

By MacMichael

They fit in with no possible scheme of decoration.

Therefore, in the future, only the men with the Adonis label will stand an earthly of being handed down to posterity in stone. And what chance will you or I stand with our present Cubist outlines?

We may be shy as the violet. But, if we want enduring fame, beauty doctors for men are a *sine-quâ-never*. A. P. Garland

---

From our Pessimist

"Supper Drinks Protest," says a headline. We welcome this evidence of vitality on the part of something we feared had suffered a lasting death.

* * * *

Owing to the Great Drought apples are said to be baked on the trees. We understand that the Chefs Union is about to enter an emphatic protest.

A Rushing Ballerina

Photograph] MISS JOYCE BARBOUR [*Elliott and Fry*

Has now directed her versatile talents to Russian, or rather Rushing, Ballet. "Puss, Puss" felt it could not continue without the introduction of some Bolshevist element, and so Messrs. Duffieldski, Titheradovitch and Lupinski Laneski sat down and did some big thinking. The result was Miss Barbour, Mr. Bob Cory and the Rushing Corps de Ballet. We are able to discountenance the rumour that Citizen Lenin has invited them to Petrograd for August Bank Holiday

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

The Wrong Number

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

MR. AND MRS. FESSENDEN had a nice country house but no servants. Mrs. Fessenden, who did not like the country and wanted to live in London, told her husband that servants would never come to their out-of-the-way place, and that it was therefore no use trying to get them there. Consequently, at the opening of the play, we see Mr. Fessenden personally brooming up the dining-room, while his daughter, Dorothy, is doing the household cooking. Mrs. Fessenden, who has evidently learned the art of living from the experts, gets down to breakfast when all the work is done; and she is joined a little later by Mr. Oliver, a young actor, who has come on a week-end visit, chiefly, it would seem, because he needs the food and lodging. Then Mrs. Pansy Capron, a young and lively grass-widow, looks in, and you get the impression of some excellent acting but, as it were, nothing doing.

TOWARDS the end of the first act, however, Mr. Fessenden, having doubtless noticed that it was time to get a move on something, decides to take the servant question into his own hands. He rings up an employment agency, and is at once given the wrong number, a little touch of realism that makes it all look quite like home.

THE wrong number connects Mr. Fessenden with a private detective agency, who surprise him by saying that if he is in need of servants an efficient man and wife can be sent to him at once. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, private detectives and domestic servants, arrive accordingly. It is at this point that the authors seem to me to have missed their chance. The idea that Mr. Fessenden, in order to score over his wife about the servant question, should engage a couple of detectives rather than nobody at all, is quite good, especially as it is understood that he

JOAN BARRY AS DOROTHY. JACK HOBBS AS STEVE MACK.

cannot discharge them in too much of a hurry.

THE development of the story should then have been on the lines that the detectives make themselves embarrassing to Mr. Fessenden by unearthing, say, one of his peccadilloes of the past. For, most men (the present writer, of course, excepted) have a crinkled page or so in their lives. Mr. Fessenden would thus have been, as my friend Shakespeare puts it so neatly, hoist with his own petard, and we might have had something to laugh at. Instead, all the use that can be found for these two prying people is the job of trailing Mrs. Fessenden for an entirely imaginary offence.

MRS. FESSENDEN has, it is true, been guilty of an indiscretion. But the head and front of her offending is little more than an error of taste. Speaking about her husband to Mr. Oliver, she shows him a letter written by Mr. Fessenden when he first fell in love with her. I have always understood that ladies do not as a rule show their love letters to a third party, except under legal advice for the purpose of producing loud laughter in court. You see, there is always the risk of reprisals, and some ladies do not care to be reminded of the wild things they put down in black and white when the germ of Love first began to bite them pretty badly.

MR. OLIVER'S ideas of good taste are in no way superior to those of the lady. He is writing a play for the films, and he thinks the letter that is read to him will supply the comic relief he needs for his story. In that letter, after the usual passionate declarations of undying love, Mr. Fessenden had asked the lady with a lover's solicitude whether the lobster salad had upset her or not. The query is reminiscent of the immortal "Chops and tomato sauce—yours, Pickwick," only in this case Mr. Fessenden was writing a genuine love-letter, and Mr. Pickwick denied having any such intentions.

AND then all that happens is that Mr. Oliver copies the letter, and the detectives get hold of the copy and identify Oliver's handwriting, and take it to Mr. Fessenden as a sample of the kind of thing that is being clandestinely addressed to his wife. Here the play loses in interest, because we in the audience have the facts before us, and we know (as far as outsiders can know) that Mrs. Fessenden is entirely innocent. The business of the play thenceforward is to satisfy Mr. Fessenden himself that he is not the victim of a guilty intrigue; but they surely might have settled that matter out of court without worrying us about it.

JOAN VIVIAN REES
AS MRS. PANSY CAPRON

YVONNE ARNAUD
AS
MRS ROSALIND FESSENDEN

WE have all got troubles enough of our own, what with the income-tax and the job of getting a glass of beer just when you want it. I had not thought it possible that modern authors would drag out a play with such very ordinary device. But that is how it goes on. Fessenden rages and storms, and threatens Oliver with all kinds of violence; while if he had only listened at the wings while his letter was being read he would have seen, as we did, that his wife had been guilty of no more than a regrettable lapse of nice feeling.

THAT much granted, however, it must be readily conceded that the acting that carries the story along is extremely good. Mr. C. M. Hallard as Fessenden contrives to make his anger choicely humorous, the more so, perhaps, because all concerned are quite aware of the futility of it. Indeed, it is upon its quality as an exhibition of admirable acting that the entertainment must rely for

its success. The one or two smart things that are said in the play are spoken by Mrs. Fessenden. But this part is taken by Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who certainly ought by this time to speak her lines with a less obvious French accent. Miss Arnaud has, of course, an engaging personality of her own, and she has the true gift of comedy; but it seemed to me that people unfamiliar with French pronunciation must at times have had a difficulty in understanding what she was saying.

ANOTHER intrigue discovered by the resident detectives concerns Fessenden's daughter Dorothy and the chauffeur. It is generally understood that it is the prescriptive right of the daughter of the house in nice families to elope with the chauffeur, and to that extent, therefore, Dorothy would be only following distinguished precedent. But it so happens in this case that the gentleman is not a real chauffeur at all. In order to further his love affair he reveals his identity to Dorothy; but by way, presumably, of dragging the play out a little longer, he cautiously conveys the information in an inaudible whisper, so that it is only at the very last that we learn that he is really the son of a baronet, or something of that sort, and has had a temporary difference with his father as to the calling he ought to pursue in life.

THE detectives, played with great care by Mr. Sam Livesey and Miss Clare Greet, had not very much chance, since they were square pegs in round holes from the start, and Mr. Frank Denton as Oliver had to work very hard indeed to get anything like humour into his very shadowy part. Beyond the all-round excellence of the acting, of which I have already spoken, I cannot fairly say that I found the play very interesting. JINGLE

Golfing Googlialities

BY A. A. MAILEY

THE AUSTRALIANS TRY THEIR HAND AT GOLF

WHISTLING FOR A WIND AT RAMSGATE REGATTA

The scene off Ramsgate just before the start of the Royal Temple Yacht Club's handicap race on Wednesday last for yachts of 12 tons and under. Later the breeze improved sufficiently to enable one round of the course to be completed. Mr. T. Glover's "Andrum" (7 tons) was first, Mr. B. de Quincey's "Gemma" (8 tons) second, and Mr. G. de Ste. Croix's "Isis" (12 tons) third

Sports & Pastimes

YACHTING

Cowes Week Prospects

THERE are indications that Cowes week is at last coming into its own. The great yachting festival of the year, which begins on Monday next, will, unless it is utterly ruined by bad weather, be comparable in its brilliance to the Regattas of the days before the War and will eclipse its more immediate predecessors of 1919 and 1920. Yachting was (naturally) one of the slowest among British sports to begin to recover from the ravages of war, but the recovery, once under way, has gone on in good earnest.

The King and His Cup

THE King and Queen will honour Cowes with their presence. They are due to arrive in the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, from Portsmouth on Saturday, and will stay till the end of the regatta which finishes on August 5. As usual, their visit will be a purely informal one, and they will spend most of their time afloat. The King will, of course, be racing aboard of the *Britannia*, and the Queen is sure to be with him as long as the weather is reasonably favourable. The first day's racing is under the flag of the Royal London Y.C. On the second day the programme of the Royal Yacht Squadron opens with the race for the King's Cup, open only to boats owned by members of the Squadron. The cup was won last year by Mr. C. P. Johnson's cutter, *Moonbeam*, one of the most beautiful specimens of yacht architecture afloat. She will again be in the lists and will have as her chief rivals the Earl of Dunraven's ketch, *Cariad*, Lord Sackville's yawl, *Sumurun*, Mr. R. H. Lee's cutter, *Terpsichore*, Major M. Pope's schooner, *Lamorna*, Sir William Portal's ketch, *Valdora*, Mr. Oswald Sanderson's cutter, *Thele*, Captain C. Slade's ketch, *Joyette*, and Mr. H. S. Sanderson's yawl, *Isola*.

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. BERESFORD, JUN. (Thames R.C.)

Winner of the Senior Sculls (London Cup) at the Metropolitan Regatta on Wednesday last. The Thames Rowing Club was very successful, winning five races, including the Senior Eights and Senior Fours, out of the six in which its representatives competed

Photograph *G.P.U.*

COMMANDER A. W. BROOKS, R.N.

Winner of the "Graphic" Competition at Bisley. It was only after his sixth tie-shot that he gained the Cup

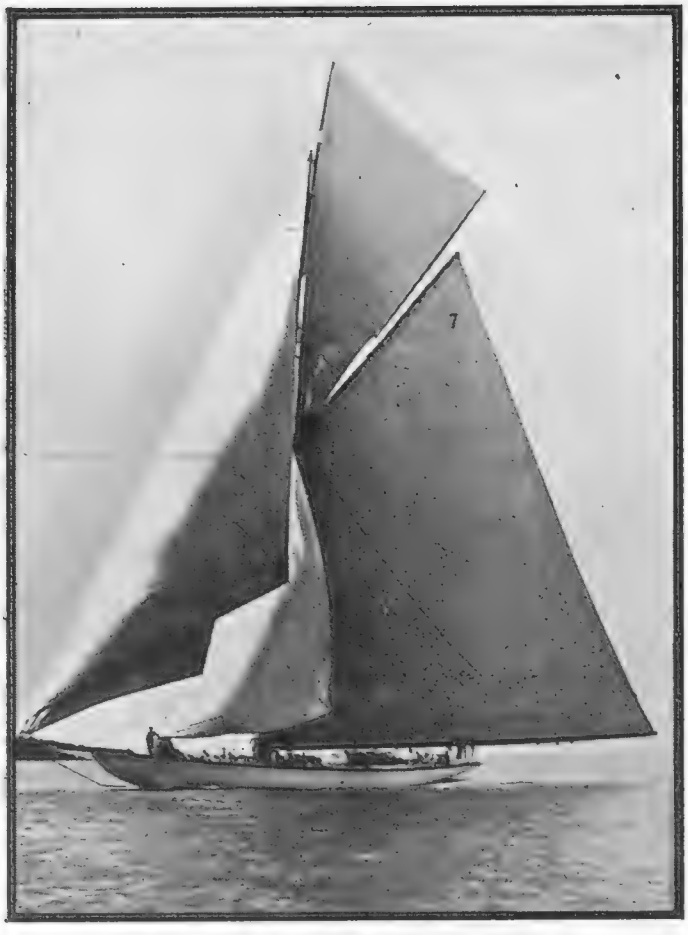
Big 'Uns and Little 'Uns

THE *Britannia* will sail in the big-class races, of which there will be several during the week. Unlucky at the season's opening on the Clyde, she did much better in the racing on the Thames estuary and at Harwich, and there should be some fine racing between her and the other three big cutters, *Nyria*, *Terpsichore*, and *White Heather II*, with the ketch *Cariad* and (probably) several other

(Continued on page 202)

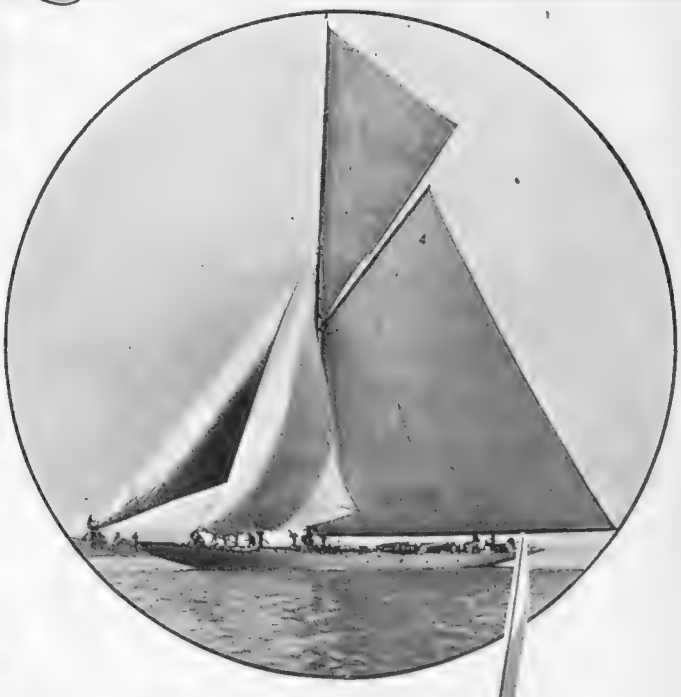
YACHT RACING

A Few of the Competitors in Next



SIR CHARLES ALLOM'S "WHITE HEATHER II"

The chief rival, when owned by Mr. Myles Kennedy before the War, of Sir Thomas Lipton's 23-metre "Shamrock," and now, along with "Britannia," "Nyria," and "Terpsichore," one of the "big four"



MRS. R. WORKMAN'S "NYRIA"

As she appeared last year. She now carries one big triangular mainsail (instead of mainsail and topsail), and is the largest boat to which this rig has, so far, been applied

MR. C. P. JOHNSON'S "MOONBEAM"

Winner last year of the King's Cup, for which she is again competing; a smaller vessel than the two above, she is an ideal specimen of the cruiser-racer

LORD SACKVILLE'S "SUMURUN"

Of similar size and type to "Moonbeam," but yawl rigged; a likely competitor for the King's Cup

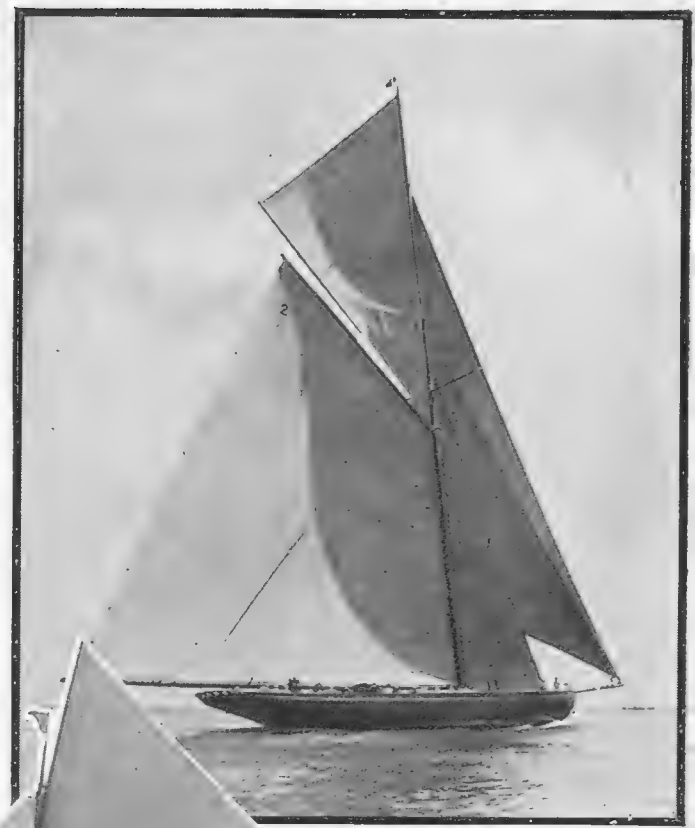
The Regattas of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal London Yacht Club which constitute Cowes week, of immortal fame, of the bigger boats out of the many which are assembling in Cowes Roads to celebrate the greatest yachting festival of last-named with "Moonbeam," "Sumurun" and "Valdora"

AT ZENITH

Week's Great Carnival at Cowes

SIR WILLIAM PORTAL'S "VALDORA"

Her rig, ketch, is better suited to cruising than racing, but she has speed enough to go for the King's Cup with some prospect of success



MR. R. H. LEE'S "TERPSICHORE"

The newest of the four big cutters. She was something of a disappointment, besides being very unlucky, at first, but is shaping much better this season

HIS MAJESTY'S "BRITANNIA"

The "grand old boat" of the fleet, and still one of the best. Raced in cruising rig last season, when she was very successful, she has now blossomed forth in all the glory of full racing trim, and, with anything like reasonable luck, will be more successful than ever

will begin on Monday next and will be honoured by the presence of the King and the Queen. Above are given just a few the season. They include the "big four" cutters "Britannia," "White Heather," "Nyria" and "Terpsichore." The are likely competitors for His Majesty's cup on August 2

Photographs by Sport and General

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

big boats thrown in. Additional interest will also be provided right at the other end of the scale among the little ships, for three of the six international six-metre races will be sailed at Cowes. These are the races (to which I have previously made reference) in which the four best American six-metre yachts, which have been sent over to this country specially for the occasion, will compete against the four best British boats in the same class for the International Six-Metre Championship. Pictures of the four American boats have appeared in THE BYSTANDER of July 6 and 13.

LAWN TENNIS

A Davis Cup Surprise

THE first surprise of the Davis Cup competition happened last week when All-India beat France in Paris. It certainly *was* a surprise even though Gobert, who is undoubtedly, in my humble opinion, her best man, could not turn out for France. For I do not think that anybody expected the Frenchmen, with the added advantage of playing in familiar environment, would succumb to a team who could not be regarded as quite their equals in the actual matter of "class."

How All-India Won

BUT in lawn tennis grit and pertinacity can overcome an inequality in class, provided it is not very marked, and it was his grit and pertinacity which enabled the Indian, M. Sleem, to hold W. H. Laurentz, a more versatile stroke-maker than himself, and finally outstay him. Having beaten Laurentz he was pretty sure to beat Samazeuilth, and did so with more ease, and these two matches with the Doubles match, in which Deane and Fyzee beat Laurentz and Brugnon, gave All-India the necessary three. This Doubles match was the biggest upset of the series; it was the one which was probably reckoned an absolute certainty for France. I can only attribute it to the fact that the Frenchmen had their confidence entirely shaken by the overthrow of Laurentz on the previous day. The French are apt to believe too much in portents. But in any case the All-India team have good reason to be more than satisfied with what they have done.

GOLF

Corrugated Irons

As far as I have been able to ascertain everybody seems perfectly satisfied with the recent pronouncement of the Rules of Golf Committee on the subject of corrugations on iron clubs. Indeed, there is something rather magnificent in the way in which the Rules Committee have tackled a situation which would have puzzled many legislative bodies of equal, and even greater, eminence. Its object was to bar the corrugated irons with which our American visitors have recently made us familiar without interfering with the use of clubs which have been scored or punched in the manner which has been prevalent in this country for many a long day.

A. R. MILLS (Leicester Harriers)

Entering the Stamford Bridge arena towards the finish of the Marathon Race from Windsor Great Park to London, held annually at the Polytechnic A. C. Sports. Mills, who won with eight minutes to spare, is the only man who has won this race twice

Avoiding a Definition

NINE legislative bodies out of ten would have said at once, "We must have a definition." The Rules Committee have shown their wisdom in resisting the temptation to set up a definition which might, or might not, have the desired object. Asked by the golfing world at large "How, then, do you propose to draw the line between a club which is 'punched' or 'scored' and one that is 'corrugated'?" they reply blandly (in effect), "We don't propose to draw any line at all; we leave that to you, believing that you can be trusted not to depart from the traditions of golf. But anyone in doubt as to whether any particular club is a fit and proper weapon to play golf with can send it along to us, and we will adjudicate upon it with pleasure."

Masterly Trustfulness

THERE is something very adroit in this method of dealing with what the lawyers call the burden of proof. Golfers at once recognise that the ruling body regards them as being competent in themselves to uphold the traditions of the game in the matter of the kind of clubs which they use, and, therefore, as people who do not need to be coerced by hard and fast regulations. Consequently, they feel flattered by the trust reposed in them. There will be doubtless many who are not in fact sufficiently "initiated" to judge for themselves, but I fancy that they will easily find friends in the circle of their acquaintance sufficiently initiated to help them. Nor do I anticipate that the resources of H.M. Post Office will be unduly taxed in the conveyance to St. Andrews by parcel post of questionable clubs.

H.S.S.

THE AMERICAN SCHOONER "DIABLESSE"

A small yacht of only 21 tons and 39 feet in length, which has recently crossed the Atlantic and arrived at Cowes, after a 4,000 mile voyage lasting thirty-three days. It will, perhaps, be remembered that a similar feat was performed by another small American boat last year

In Regent Street

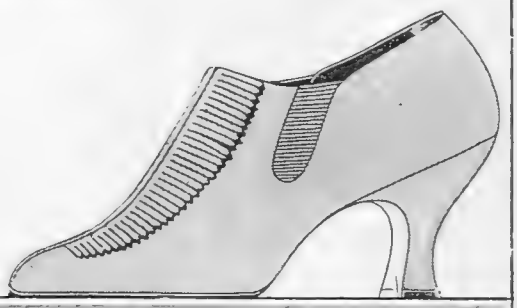
A HALL—several halls in fact—of boot and shoe exhibits! 25,000 square feet of floor space devoted entirely to the display, fitting and selling of the choicest specimens of the shoemaker's art!

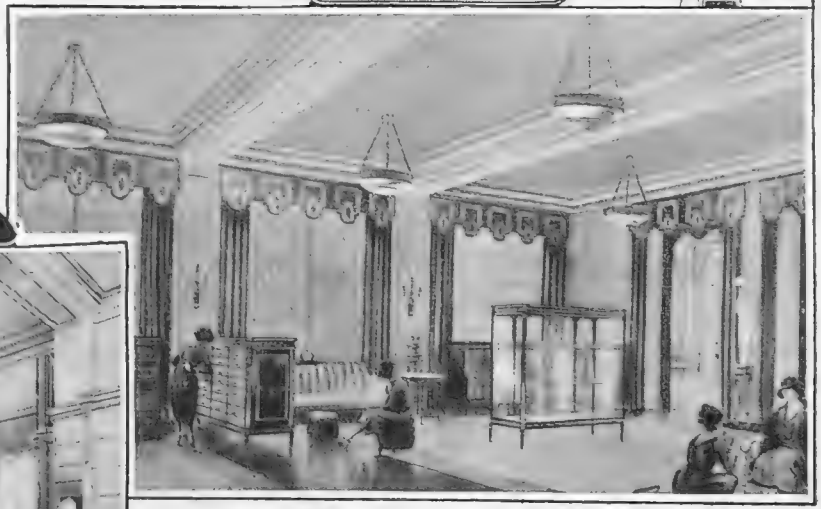
CERTAINLY the largest of its kind in the world, and filled with the most extensive stock of footwear ever seen under one roof.

NO shoppiness or fuss, just large, beautifully decorated and furnished apartments, comfortably provided with divans, settees, writing tables and everything that tends to make a congenial atmosphere while one decides on delicate questions of footwear apparel. An unobtrusive, efficient attendant near for service when desired.

OF course the bedrock principles of the House are applied here as elsewhere. There is NO pressing to buy, and the SAME PRICES are charged as at all Manfield Branches.

CALL and inspect the facilities and the stock at convenience.





Manfield
& SONS LTD
170, REGENT STREET, LONDON. W.1

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Goodwood

GOODWOOD comes but once a year; and very delightful it is when the conditions are right. We can draw a friendly veil over gloomy Goodwood days of the past when the mist has rolled up dankly from the sea, blotting out the landscape and putting the tautest of mackintosh wrappings to the test. For years the local people held themselves in readiness for a thunderstorm on Goodwood Cup day. We are wondering whether the present summer's extraordinary weather will last over this week's meeting. Rain would not now be so unwelcome as it usually is at Goodwood, for the whole land is crying out for it. I imagine that those superb gallops over which the Stewards' Cup, the Goodwood Plate, and other historic races are now being run will be very hard this week. But trainers, much as they object to them, are becoming accustomed to these abnormal conditions, and we are sure to see some good sport.

A Point Worth Noting

THE terribly hard going has induced owners and trainers to try a new rubber grip, which is, I believe, the patent of Mr. Wood, the well-known racecourse farrier. A band of rubber placed inside the plate greatly minimises the jar of the rough ground. So much is this the case that knowing people are beginning to back the horses which they find are shod in this special way, and their wisdom has been vindicated by results. I have seen several winners lately who would not have scored if they had not been protected from the 'ammer, 'ammer of the dried-up gallops.

Lord Wolverton

LORD WOLVERTON, the latest victim of our caricaturist, has not taken so prominent a part in racing affairs since the War as he formerly did, but he is a very practical level-headed member of the Jockey Club, and was an excellent Steward. By the way, let me congratulate Lord Lascelles and Mr. W. M. G. Singer upon their election to the ruling body of the Turf, of which the Duke of York has also become a member. Mr. Singer has long been a keen supporter of racing, and knows as much about the game as most people.

LORD WOLVERTON By "THE TOUT"

Is always a prominent figure at the big meetings. He has a house at Newmarket, where his horses are trained by Lambton. So far this season his star performer has been "The Night Patrol"

New Jockey Club Member

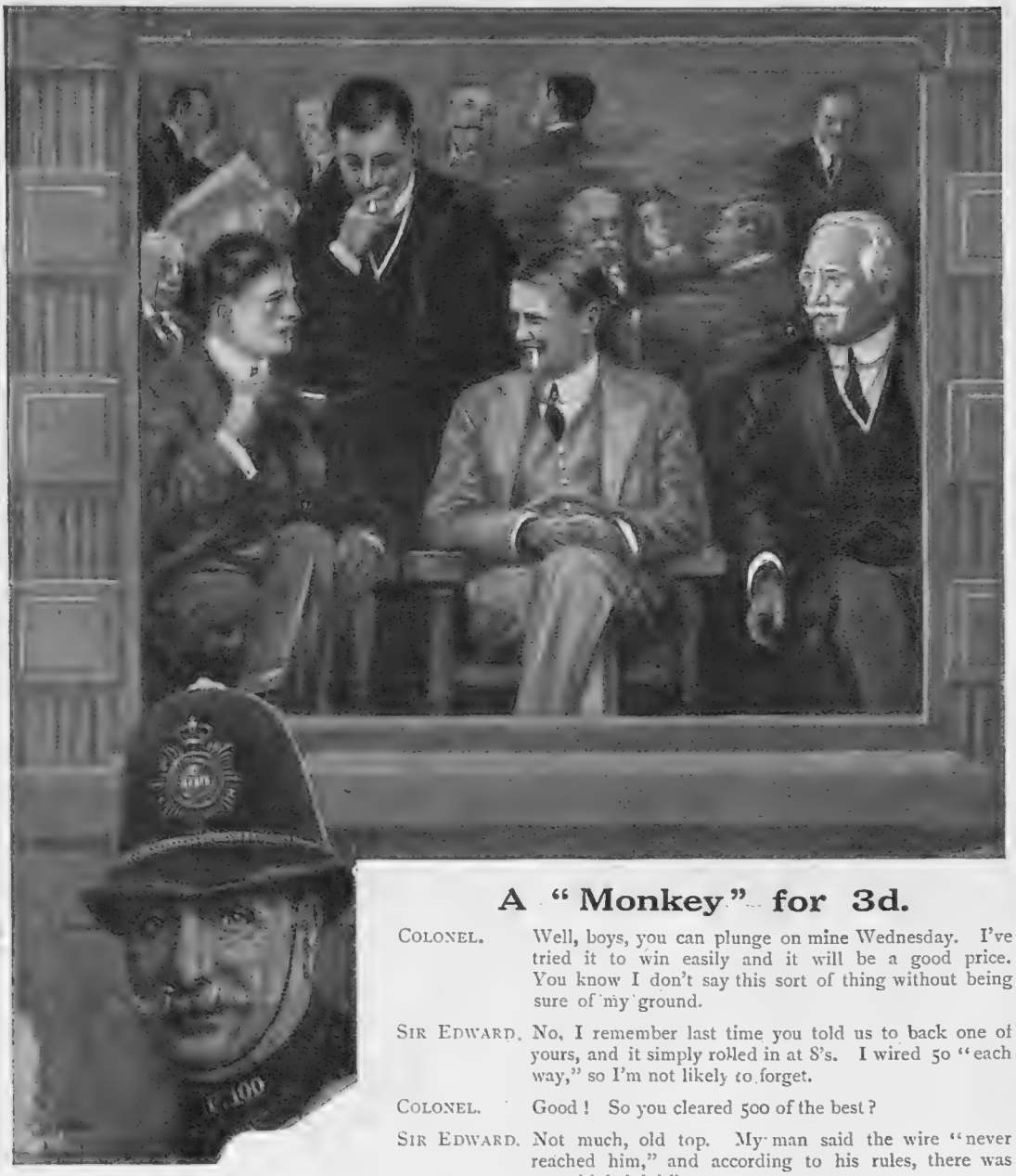
LORD LASCELLES has not had a very long career as owner, and has yet to enjoy a real turn of luck. Perhaps Fortune will smile more cordially upon his colours now that he has decided to try a change of stables. Some of the yearlings he has recently bought will go to Dick Marsh at Egerton House, which ceases, therefore, to be run on the strictly private lines which have applied to the Royal stable for many years. Reverting to Lord Wolverton, I was glad to see him with a good winner at Newmarket recently in The Night Patrol, especially as that colt's success was foreshadowed in these pages.

Some Selections

IT takes a fine stayer to win the Goodwood Plate, which is a furlong further even than the Cesarewitch. The issue for the race on Wednesday seems very open. I am inclined to give **Arravale** another chance, for he is not likely to run up against another Spearwort here. He meets Holbeach on 5lb. better terms than when they ran together at Newmarket recently, and that, in my opinion, should turn the scale in favour of the lightweight. If CRAIG AN ERAN runs for the Sussex Stakes on the same afternoon you will not need to look further for the winner. In his absence I shall not be surprised to see MONARCH score again. **Tetratema,** I assume, will canter away with the King George Stakes

The Cup

ON Thursday we have the historic Cup, in which some of the Ascot celebrities can fight their battle over again. The Gold Cup winner, Periosteum, is entered, but even if sent from Newmarket I do not think he will beat **Happy Man,** who was a trifle unlucky in getting a nasty bump at Ascot. **Drake's Drum** should win the Rous Memorial Stakes. Friday's programme looks like providing a good afternoon's sport. It includes the Chesterfield Cup, in which some of the Liverpool disappointments can have another try. The journey may just suit **Blue Lady.** Many smart three-year-old fillies are engaged in the Nassau Stakes, which the Manton stable will probably capture, though it is hard to say which of its representatives will run. **Plato** could win the Gordon Stakes and **Captain Cuttle** the Molecomb Stakes.



A "Monkey" for 3d.

COLONEL. Well, boys, you can plunge on mine Wednesday. I've tried it to win easily and it will be a good price. You know I don't say this sort of thing without being sure of my ground.

SIR EDWARD. No, I remember last time you told us to back one of yours, and it simply rolled in at 8's. I wired 50 "each way," so I'm not likely to forget.

COLONEL. Good! So you cleared 500 of the best?

SIR EDWARD. Not much, old top. My man said the wire "never reached him," and according to his rules, there was "nothin' doin'."

LORD BOB. Teddy, my boy, I thought you knew better. You should have wired it to my man, Douglas Stuart, then even if the wire were "lost" a simple "Certified copy" of the telegram, costing threepence, would have been sufficient, and you'd have got your cheque for 500 Monday. "*Fancy a 'Monkey' for Threepence.*"

COLONEL. Well, make up for it Wednesday, but be sure you send it to "Duggie."

Write to-day and Open a CREDIT ACCOUNT with

DOUGLAS STUART

Member of ALL Principal Sporting Clubs

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MANY people must have been asking themselves into what sort of writer Alec Waugh, the absurdly young author of *The Loom of Youth*, would develop. Was this phenomenally successful book, which roused some people to fury and others to a cold contempt, and others, again, to amazed wonder that a boy of seventeen could write such a story—was this book a mere flash in the pan, or was it the prelude to big things? When *Resentment*, a slim volume of poems, appeared, judgment was suspended. When *The Prisoners of Mainz* came out, it was thought well to wait until the War had receded into the background before venturing upon a forecast. A year or two passed, and there was no other book. One or two people said, "He is finished." Others said, "He is wise; he hasn't begun." I have always thought that Mr. Waugh was well-advised not to rush things. After a success like *The Loom* it is not difficult to rush into print and collect your royalties and buy a large house. But Mr. Waugh prefers to wait. The time has not yet come for a second novel, though it is known to be on its way. Meanwhile, however, there is *Pleasure* (Grant Richards: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), a collection of short stories; and the signs are auspicious.

❋ ❋

THE War still looms large in this book; perhaps that was inevitable. But it is a side of the War which is not often touched upon by British writers. Obviously Mr. Waugh has not been idle since he wrote his first book: he has read the literature of France. He tells you of this or that with a simple beauty which not all his youthful pessimism will hide. The title is well-chosen. You grow up; things happen this way or that; one day you will die; why worry? Which sounds very young and distressing; but I hasten to add that the stories themselves are extraordinarily interesting. Mr. Waugh's views will mellow, but already he can write a short story which is not the usual magazine stuff; he can write a story which stamps itself on to your mind.

❋ ❋

AND he is courageous. The theme of "An Early Chapter" is a delicate one; very easily indeed it might have led its author into a difficult *impasse*: as it is, he leaves you with the impression that he has painted a true picture of a schoolboy friendship which is in no wise morbid or ugly. Then there is that delicious yarn of a middle-aged man who finds his wife being kissed by his oldest friend. An old situation, you think; but Mr. Waugh has something new up his sleeve. These old friends start talking of cricket and bygone schooldays. Shall they give up these delightful reminiscences because of a kiss? Gracious no. But there are other stories as well—"A Stranger" is particularly good, though there is a queer anachronism in the final tale—and you close the book, prepared to wait as long as Mr. Waugh chooses for the big work that will assuredly come.

❋ ❋

THE divinity that "doth hedge a king" has come in course of time to hedge the poet who wrote the words, and I can conceive no bolder project than that which Messrs. H. P. Rubinstein and Clifford Bax have attempted in their chronicle-play, *Shakespeare* (Benn Brothers: 5*s.* net). Mr. Shaw has attempted to show that Shakespeare was a mere man like everybody else who has put pen to paper, and the Baconians have played various antics to show that he was an unlettered rustic. Yet for most of

(Continued on page 208)

60 YEARS OF PIPEMAKING

THE CITY PIPE is a *creation*—a better pipe and a pipe apart from all others—a master production born of sixty years' accumulated knowledge and experience.

This pipe fulfils our desire to produce a REALLY RELIABLE pipe at a POPULAR price. No matter what your personal preference may be in the matter of shape—it is waiting for you among the Hundred and One shapes in which the CITY DE LUXE is fashioned.

Each highly polished bowl is fitted with a "push-in" stem made expressly for it—fitting not haphazardly, but with minute precision.

Above all, it is a companionable pipe, with a FREE and EASY DRAUGHT that ensures a long, cool smoke under all circumstances.

Ask your 'bacca man to show you a CITY DE LUXE. All good shops sell them. If you have any difficulty, just drop us a line and we will send you the name of the nearest dealer.

BE SURE AND ASK FOR THE

City de Luxe

City de Luxe... ... ... 5/6

or either of its companions:

City Pipe, Silver Mounted ... 3/6

City Pipe, Metal Mounted ... 2 6

All made by the makers of the Famous GBD

In 101 Shapes.

Actual Size.

5/6

Trade Enquiries to

OPPENHEIMER'S PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE

38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

Established 1860.

CARPETS

On Wednesday, the 6th July, the Manufacturers reduced all the prices of carpets.

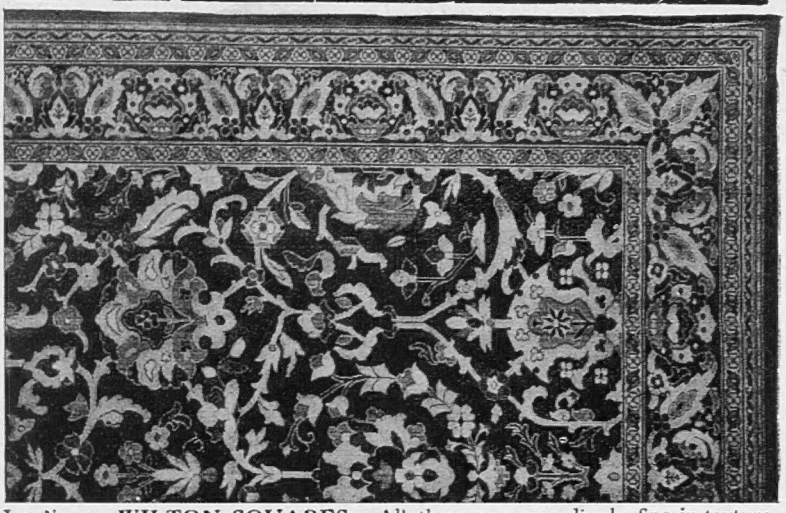
Hamptons now offer to the public the full advantage of these reductions wholly regardless of the prices that were paid by them for the carpets.

For illustrations and full particulars of many bargains in House Furnishings, that are never equalled elsewhere, see

HAMPTONS' illustrated SALE CATALOGUE, Sent Free.

TO-DAY and DAILY

HAMPTONS JULY SALE



Lot No. 5. **WILTON SQUARES.** All these are exceedingly fine in texture. No better quality is manufactured in Great Britain. The designs and colourings are unusually good, being mostly reproductions of rare old Persian pieces.

Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to £ s. d.
6 0 x	4 6	5 13 0	3 18 0
7 6 x	4 6	7 1 3	4 17 6
9 0 x	4 6	8 9 6	5 17 0
10 6 x	4 6	9 17 9	6 16 6
6 9 x	6 9	9 10 9	6 11 9
7 6 x	6 9	10 12 0	7 6 3

Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to £ s. d
9 0 x	6 9	12 14 3	8 15 6
10 6 x	6 9	14 16 9	10 4 9
9 0 x	9 0	16 19 0	11 14 0
10 6 x	9 0	19 15 6	13 13 0
12 0 x	9 0	22 12 0	15 12 0

Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to £ s. d.
12 0 x	11 3	28 5 0	19 10 0
13 6 x	11 3	31 15 9	21 18 9
15 0 x	11 3	35 6 3	24 7 6
16 6 x	11 3	38 17 0	26 16 3
18 0 x	13 6	50 17 0	35 2 0

Hampton & Sons, Ld., Pall Mall East, S.W.1

For Shooting:

The Best Boots are Faulkners' Norwegians

The Best Leggings are The Corner Tie Poethlyn

Write for full particulars of both from

Faulkner & Son

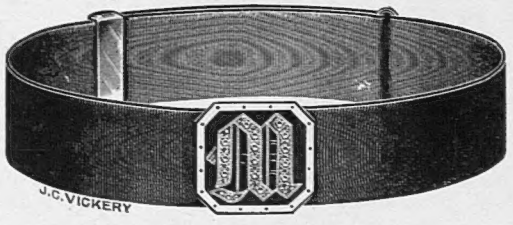
SPECIALISTS IN FOOTWEAR · ESTD 1871

51 & 52, Sth Molton St., Bond St., London, W.1 and at Camberley, Cambridge, & Woolwich.

VICKERY'S popular WRISTLETS

EXCELLENT FOR

Bridesmaids' Gifts, Souvenirs, Birthdays, etc.



Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border	£3 18 6
With Pearl Initial	2 10 0

Also with **Diamond SPORTING BIRDS AND ANIMALS** instead of initial: Flying Duck, Pheasant, Woodcock, Aberdeen Terrier, Partridge, Foxhead, Owl or Squirrel £5 15 0

With Regimental Badge in Diamonds... 7 2 6

With your **Lucky Number** in Diamonds in Enamel Circle :—

Single Number	£5 18 6
Double „	9 9 0

INSPECTION INVITED. CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J·C VICKERY

177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·

By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

us he remains serenely alone, a figure on high, a king unmistakably hedged.

❋ ❋

WHO or what was this man? How much of himself did he put into his work? What happened after the last of the plays had been produced in that queer little theatre in London? Is it impertinent to attempt a lifting of the veil? By no means, think these bold young writers, and proceed to put together a forthright picture of the man they conceive Shakespeare to have been. The result is extraordinary. For myself I have the oddest feeling that that surprising fifth act of theirs may be reflecting the truth, though I don't wish it to be anything of the kind. And I fancy that a great many readers will follow Professor Pollard (who contributes a preface to the play) in disagreeing with the authors' conception. They may even share his indignation and anger. Nevertheless, like him, they will be gripped. For this is a human presentment, vivid and gracious. You see a man in the flesh. You are given an explanation, strange though it be, of a mystery which has baffled us for more than two hundred years.

❋ ❋

THERE are five separate episodes in *Shakespeare*, and it is impossible not to think of that other chronicle-play by John Drinkwater when you have read it. *Abraham Lincoln* marked a period in modern drama, though I have always held the opinion that but for the late War and the feelings it engendered its success with the playgoing public would have been considerably less than it was. What will happen when *Shakespeare*, which is not too unlike it in construction, is produced? It must, of course, be produced, for it is provocative and challenging and dramatic and alive. Its incidents seem real. It is written quite simply, but its effect is big. Meanwhile, here it is to be read, and you must read it, if only to see how far you can accept its authors' conclusions.

SIGNORINA LEA BARBERI

Who will shortly make her début in Italian Grand Opera. Her father, Francesco Barberi, has a wonderful library of priceless books; he is also proprietor of that fashionable little Italian restaurant in Soho, Isola Bella

❋ ❋

MR. P. G. H. FENDER'S account of the M.C.C. tour in Australia appears at an opportune moment. *Defending the Ashes* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net.) is the liveliest account of affairs, from the moment when Plum Warner saw the team off until the moment of return. It was a sad enough business—those five failures—but reading Mr. Fender, you can almost forget your own disappointment, and fix your attention on this or that match. No emphasis is laid on that barracking about which we heard so much, and the question of players writing to the newspapers is not discussed. Mr. Fender set out to write of the tour itself; and it is as full and detailed as anybody could desire. The book contains not only the author's own photographs but cartoons by Mr. Mailey, whose work is well known to BYSTANDER readers. R. S.

The fascination of the Maison Lyons bon-bon is irresistible.

WHEN you proffer that chocolate or sweetmeat, how satisfied you feel when you can say: "Do please —they're Maison Lyons."—So different from the simple invitation "Have a chocolate!"

We are proud that you are proud, and we are glad to be able to add that subtle touch which reflects upon your discernment.

We shall continue to merit your favours by producing, as before, confectionery that can only be imitated.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES

You can get them at:—

Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford St., London, W
Lyons Corner House, Coventry Street
Strand Corner House, Charing Cross
Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue and 211, Regent Street

and in most Lyons Teashops.

Maison Lyons chocolates are sold by most high-class confectioners throughout the country

Annual Dinners

The Annual Dinner of a Society, the regimental re-union dinner, or any similar function depends very largely upon the catering for its successful issue. Even the most enthusiastic guest loses his enthusiasm if the service and cuisine fail to reach his ideal.

At the Trocadero each detail, even to the floral decorations, is in the hands of an expert. The experience of each is at the disposal of the maître d'hôtel who, with their services, with the excellent accommodation and the up-to-date appointments at the Trocadero, is enabled to produce a dinner which will be a pleasant surprise even to the most fastidious.

Specimen menus on request

The Trocadero

'Phone: GERRARD 1300.

J. LYONS & CO., LTD.,
Proprietors.

"Dunlop Magnum for Long Mileage"

Users of the 25 H.P. Vauxhall will be interested in this Tyre mileage experience of a private user of this model. It is by no means an individual case...

Montrose,
Stanmore, Mddx.
January 29th.1921.

Gentlemen,

The following record of one of your tyres may interest you.

My car is a 25 h.p. Vauxhall, 1919 model with a limousine body, weighing altogether forty-one hundred-weight. I took delivery of it in October 1919; it was then fitted with four Dunlop tyres 895 x 135. While they were all satisfactory, the near front one was taken off a few days ago after having completed twelve-thousand seven-hundred miles without even a puncture.

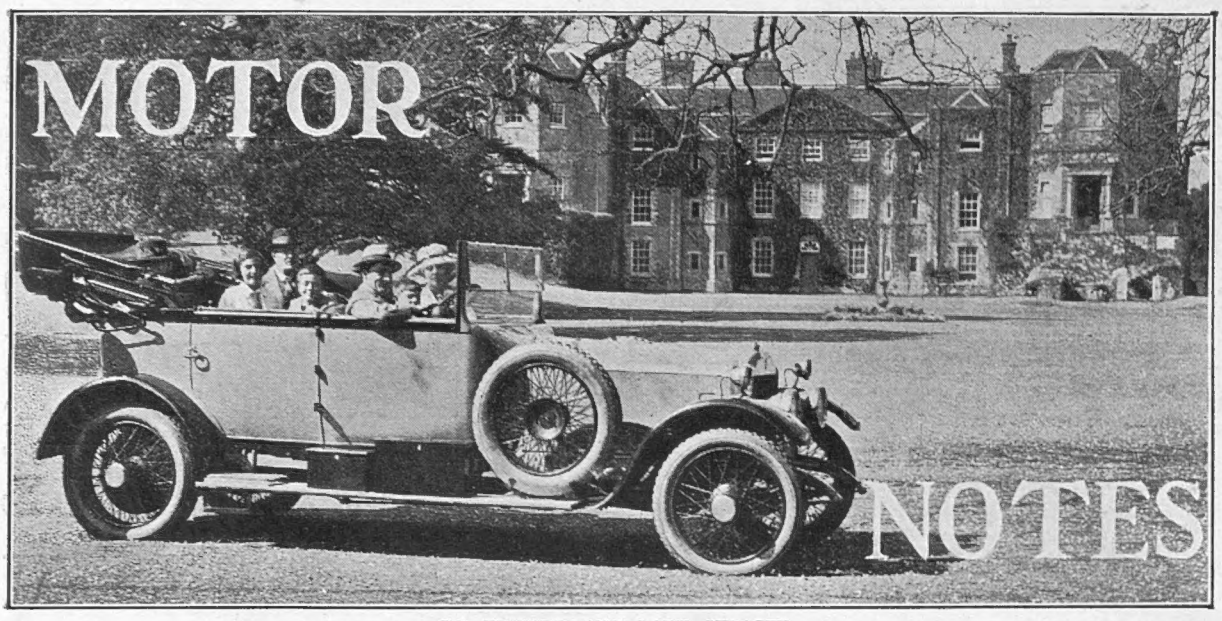
It is unnecessary for me to say after this how much I am in favour of your tyres.

yours faithfully,
(signed) J.B.Brunel Cohen
Major.

from Major Brunel Cohen.M.P.

DUNLOP
TYRES OF THE MAGNUM TYPE
are obtainable from all motor dealers

MOTOR NOTES



SIR EDWARD AND LADY STRACEY

Outside their beautiful country house, Mottisfont Abbey, in the heart of Hampshire. The car is the latest model of the famous Rolls-Royce firm

ANYBODY who has passed along Euston Road recently could not help seeing the imposing building erected as their headquarters in London by the Avon Tyre Company, to give this firm its short title, though as they make golf balls, all railway indiarubber goods—a hugh business in itself—the official name is much longer. Last week I was passing, and went in to see this palatial storehouse of tyres of all descriptions, from the pedal cycle upwards, including the new Avon straight-sided cord tyre, which is the latest type of wheel covering. As it is rumoured that both Lanchester and Rolls-Royce cars are going to fit straight-sided tyres on their Olympia models for next season I suppose all the big-sized ones will follow suit, *à l'Américaine.*

* * *

THE small-car brigade will stick to the clincher type, as they will not afford to change the wheels of their cars to fit straight-edge tyres, but as all the tyre-makers are asserting that the straight-sided variety is the better design for giving longer life on the road, all the owners of luxuriant limousines of two tons will consider it worth while to pay for new wheels.

* * *

ANYWAY, the new Avon depôt is an example of all that is light, airy, and spacious in the way of showrooms, stores and offices, and it was well worth a visit if only to see the man on the ground floor work the big tyre press, removing and putting on solid tyres on the wheels of the commercial vans and lorries while they waited. Anybody who is interested in any form of motor vehicles should pay a visit here, and see how it's done, whether for a tiny van or a six-wheeled steam lorry. But, then, the whole idea of my visiting Avons was to talk straight-sides, as the Grand Prix racers are, at the time of writing (on the eve of the race), all going to use straight-edged tyres.

* * *

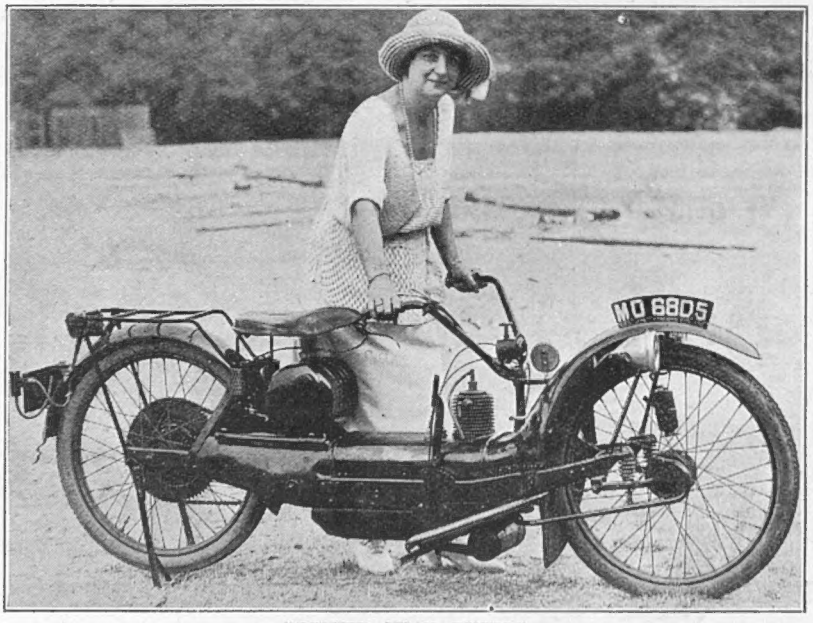
OF course, one expects the Duesenberg four to stick to this product, as it originated in its present form of revival in the States, but the Ballots, the French cars, are going to use the new Pirelli straight-edge cord tyre, or, at least, three of them, but, as the race will be run before these lines meet the reader's eye, I expect you will know all about it as soon as I do.

* * *

MY friends in the North tell me that they had a most delightful time in the Scottish six days' reliability trial organised by the Edinburgh and District Motor Club. Of course, it was really a motor-cyclist's affair, 112 of which persuasion in motoring started, so that the eight air-cooled engined and the seven water-cooled engined cars were a minority. But they all had a good time. Ask Alan Hill what his 8 h.p. Rover did, and then you will get a stream of Doric enthusiasm for this difficult course.

* * *

ALSO, if you see Ren Mundy at Brooklands ask him what about his 8 h.p. B.A.C., or Harry Alexander, if you are in Edinburgh, how the 10 h.p. Calthorpe got on. I hated to miss it this year, but, not being Boyle Roche's bird, could not be in two places at once. Tornapress Hill, five miles long and with a 1 in 6 gradient in places, gave little trouble to the cars, except that one hairpin bend beat most of the drivers. Why was this, laddies? Still, they negotiated it all right in a "couple of looks." OLD HY.



"BETTER THAN BUSES"

Miss Virna Lacelma, the film actress, setting off for the studio in her Ner-a-Car, the latest thing on two wheels, motor driven. It is a great improvement on the motor-bicycle